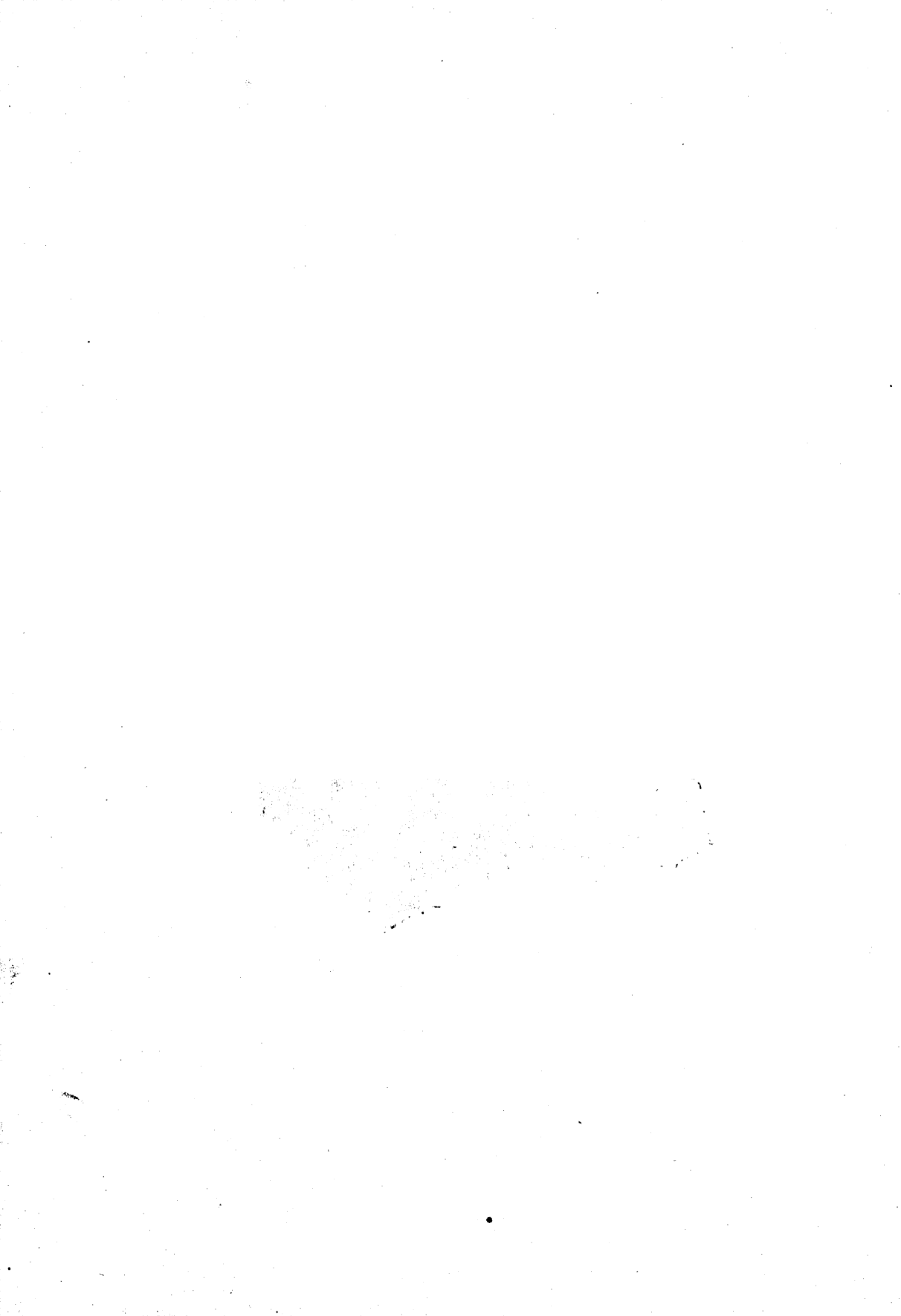


**N**ew **Y**ork **I**llustrated









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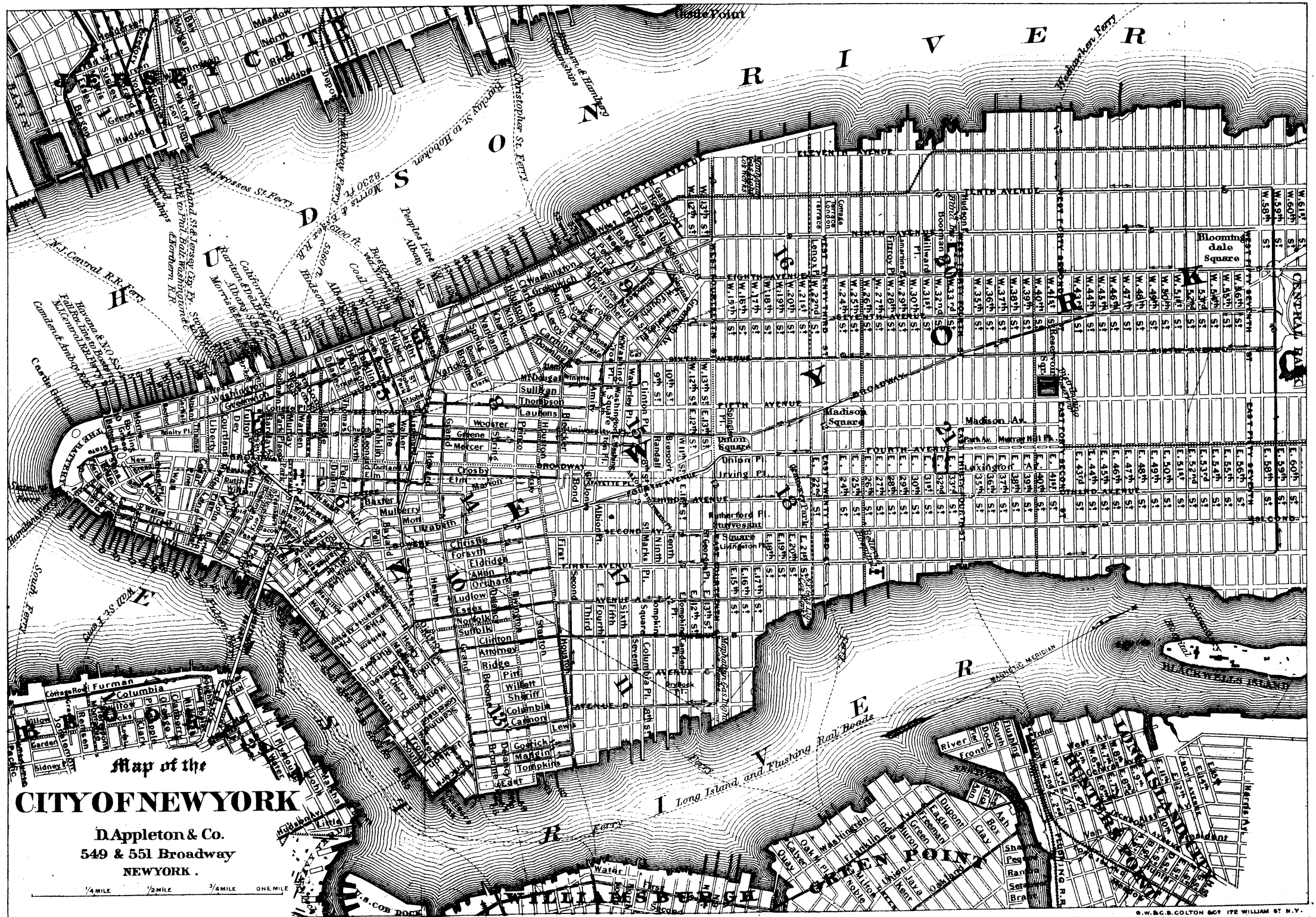
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Map of the  
**CITY OF NEW YORK**

**D. Appleton & Co.**  
549 & 551 Broadway  
NEW YORK.

1/4 MILE      1/2 MILE      3/4 MILE      ONE MILE

9. W. E. C. B. COLTON 609 172 WILLIAM ST N.Y.

**PRESENTED TO**

**MEMBERS OF**

**The National Division,**

**SONS OF TEMPERANCE,**

**OF NORTH AMERICA,**

***New York Illustrated.***

BY THE

**Grand Division of Eastern New York,**

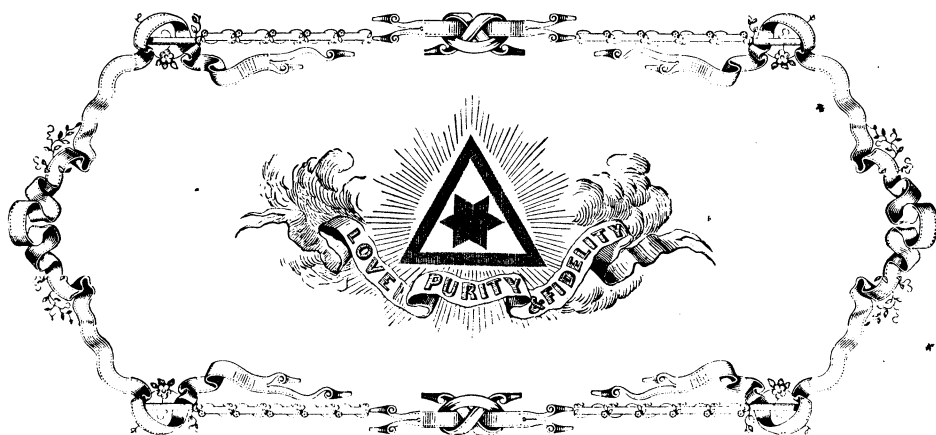
AT THE

**29th Annual Session,**

**New York City, June 18, 1873.**

**J. N. STEARNS,    S. MERRITT, JR.,    WM. E. MACDONOUGH,  
A. STEVENSON, JR.,    E. H. HOPKINS,**

*Committee.*



# OFFICERS OF THE GRAND DIVISION.

1872-73.

GRAND WORTHY PATRIARCH	CHARLES E. GILDERSLEVE.	Liberty	7
GRAND WORTHY ASSOCIATE	WILLIAM H. RAY	Eureka	187
GRAND SCRIBE	E. H. HOPKINS	Union	2
GRAND TREASURER	A. P. HIGGINS	Crystal Fount.	20
GRAND CHAPLAIN	Rev. W. C. STEEL	Union	2
GRAND CONDUCTOR	JAMES BRICE	Knickerbocker	234
GRAND SENTINEL	HUGH PIERCY	Chelsea	12
PAST GRAND WORTHY PATRIARCH	J. W. HARCOURT	Knickerbocker	234

## SUBORDINATE DIVISIONS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Name.	No.	Location.	Meeting-Night.
New York	1	Corner Christopher and Hudson Streets	Thursday.
Union	2	126th Street, between 3d and 4th Avenues.	Wednesday.
Neptune	3	132 Bowery	Friday.
Harmony	5	68 East Broadway	Monday.
Liberty	7	812 Broadway	Wednesday.
Chelsea	12	Eighth Avenue and 25th Street	Tuesday.
Manhattan	16	Avenue C, corner 4th Street	Wednesday.
Central Park	25	86th Street and 3d Avenue	Monday.
Boulevard	26	Boulevard and 70th Street	Tuesday.
Scotia	27	208 Eighth Avenue	Friday.
Marion	34	86th Street, corner 3d Avenue	Monday.
Sharon	41	2d Avenue, between 82d and 83d Streets	Monday.
Fidelity	46	132 Bowery	Wednesday.
Ashland	51	Eighth Avenue corner 18th Street	Wednesday.
Murray Hill	76	537 Third Avenue	Monday.
Oriental	77	Corner 3d Avenue and 18th Street	Thursday.
Friendship	103	Eighth Avenue and 16th Street	Tuesday.
Standard	116	492 Grand Street	Tuesday.
Siloam	125	Eighth Avenue and 33d Street	Monday.
Crown of Life	144	Eighth Avenue corner 46th Street	Saturday.
Mount Morris	148	Third Avenue corner 124th Street	Monday.
Stryker	157	Eighth Avenue and 18th Street	Friday.
St. Andrew's	300	Eighth Avenue and 18th Street	Thursday.
Mariners	448	68 East Broadway	Wednesday.

## CITY OF BROOKLYN.

Name	No.	Location.	Meeting-Night.
Washington	4	166 Fulton Street	Monday.
Nassau	6	Fulton Avenue corner Clermont	Thursday.
Progressive	10	145 Grand Street, E. D.	Wednesday.
Brooklyn	13	Halsey Buildings, 355 and 357 Fulton Street, opposite City Hall	Tuesday.
Safeguard	14	Grand Avenue, near Myrtle	Monday.
Enterprise	15	118 South 8th Street	Tuesday.
Crystal Fount	20	Cumberland Street, corner Fulton Avenue	Thursday.
Atlantic	33	Fulton Avenue, corner Clermont	Monday.
International	37	Corner 4th and South 9th Streets, E. D.	Thursday.
Franklin	38	3d Avenue, corner 18th Street (Franklin Hall)	Tuesday.
Acanthus	47	Fulton Avenue, corner Bedford	Monday.
Phoenix	58	118 South 8th Street, near 4th	Thursday.
Sparkling Water	60	Bedford Avenue, near Myrtle	Wednesday.
Ridgewood	88	Fulton Avenue, corner Clermont	Wednesday.
Greenpoint	99	Orchard Street, near Meserole Avenue	Monday.
Williamsburgh	105	Orchard Street, near Meserole Avenue	Tuesday.
Myrtle	107	Grenada Hall, 112 Myrtle Avenue	Thursday.
George Hall	150	Columbia Street, corner Carroll	Friday.
George Peabody	164	Ralph Avenue, corner Monroe Street	Monday.
Eureka	187	84 South 2d Street	Wednesday.
Stella	190	Lafayette Avenue, near Tompkins	Monday.
Sylvan Stream	193	84 South 2d Street	Tuesday.
Southern Star	321	Corner Buffalo Avenue and Warren Street	Monday.





# NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.



New York from Brooklyn.

## THE ISLAND CITY.

WHEN Henry Hudson, in 1609, passed through the Narrows, in his little schooner-yacht, the Half Moon, sailed up the bay, and disembarked on the spot where now flourish the stately trees of the Battery, the present city of New York was a mere tongue of land stretching toward the sea, rough in surface, abounding in rocks, swamps, and forest, and inhabited only by the red-man.

The arrival was celebrated in the good old Dutch style, much to the astonishment of the simple-minded natives; and from that time, or perhaps

a little later, the peninsula was known by the name of "Manhattan"—a word which, in the Indian vernacular, signifies "a place of drunkenness."

Traders followed the discoverer, and in 1614 the future metropolis of the New World consisted of a small fort on the site of Bowling Green, and four houses. It was then called "Nieu Amsterdam," and the domain acquired was named the New Netherlands. In 1664, however, Charles II. of England, without any pretence to title, gave the territory to his brother James, Duke of York, and the name of New Amsterdam was changed to New York.

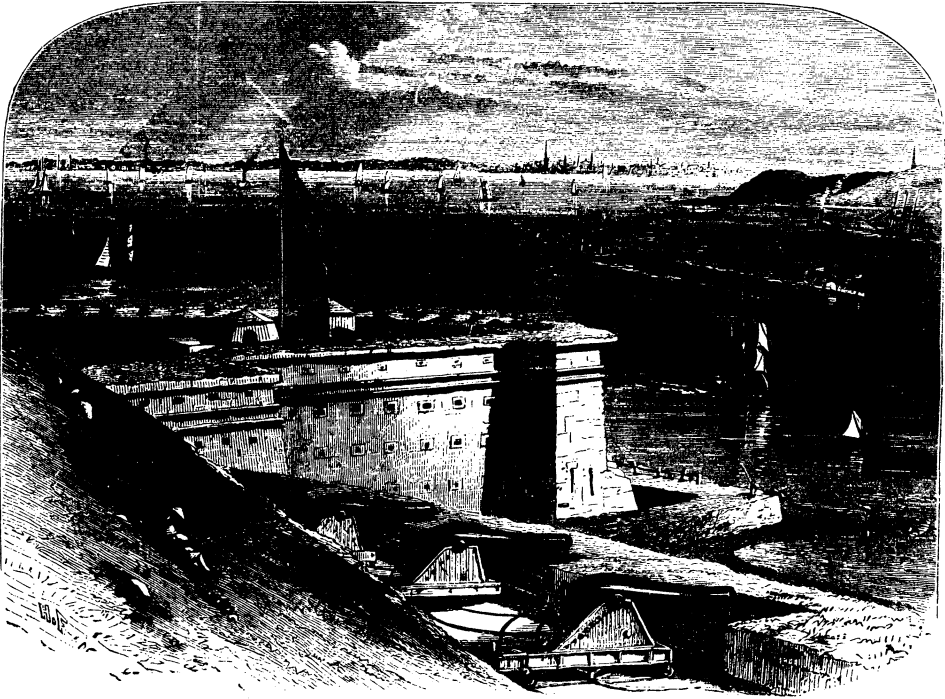
In 1700 the population had increased to about 6,000, and the outer walls or palisades extended from the East River, across Broadway, along the present line of Wall Street. To-day the city contains nearly a million of people, and is almost compactly built for more than ten miles from its southern extremity (the Battery).

The northern boundary of Manhattan Island is Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvel ("Spite the Devil") Creek. On the east is the East River, with its clusters of beautiful islands; and on the west is the noble Hudson. The island is about thirteen and a half miles in length, with an average breadth of one mile and three-fifths, and covers an area of nearly twenty-two square miles, or 14,000 acres. These are divided into 141,486 lots, of which it is estimated nearly one-half are built upon.

The rugged features have long since disappeared from the heart of the city, and little is left to tell of the original character of the island except the picturesque surroundings of Central Park and Washington Heights. The latter are 238 feet above tide-water.

### NEW YORK HARBOR.

The harbor of New York is one of the most beautiful in the world, especially when viewed from some prominent point on Staten Island, where a vast field of observation may be enjoyed. The outer bar is at Sandy Hook, eighteen miles from the Battery, and is crossed by two ship-channels, from twenty-one to thirty-two feet deep at low tide, and from twenty-seven to thirty-nine feet deep at high tide, thus admitting vessels of the heaviest draught.



Fort Richmond and the Narrows.

The Narrows may be likened to a gate-way from the Ocean, while, standing like huge sentinels to guard the pass, are Forts Richmond and Tompkins on the verge of the Staten-Island shore, and Fort Hamilton on the Long-Island side. The latter is supplied with an armament of Rodman guns, which throw balls weighing a thousand pounds each. Fort Lafayette is also close at hand—famous as a military prison. These fortifications are erected on or near the sites of similar works used during the Revolution. It was destroyed by fire a few years ago, but has been rebuilt.

It is not until we are fairly within the bay, however, and sailing toward the city, that the picture becomes panoramic and complete. Before us then is a map, every item of which is eloquent with busy life. We are in the heart, as it were, of a fleet of stately ships and steamers, ploughing a surface that has been cut by the keels of the civilized world. In the foreground there are patches of green that, in the summer sun, shine and sparkle like great emeralds in a silver setting—Bedloe's, Ellis's, and Governor's Islands, whereon are defensive fortifications. (It may be observed, parenthetically, that the last-named island was formerly known as "Nuttens's," and contained a race-course, but it was found to be unavailable for the purpose. Being transferred to the government, the present work was erected in the year 1800.)

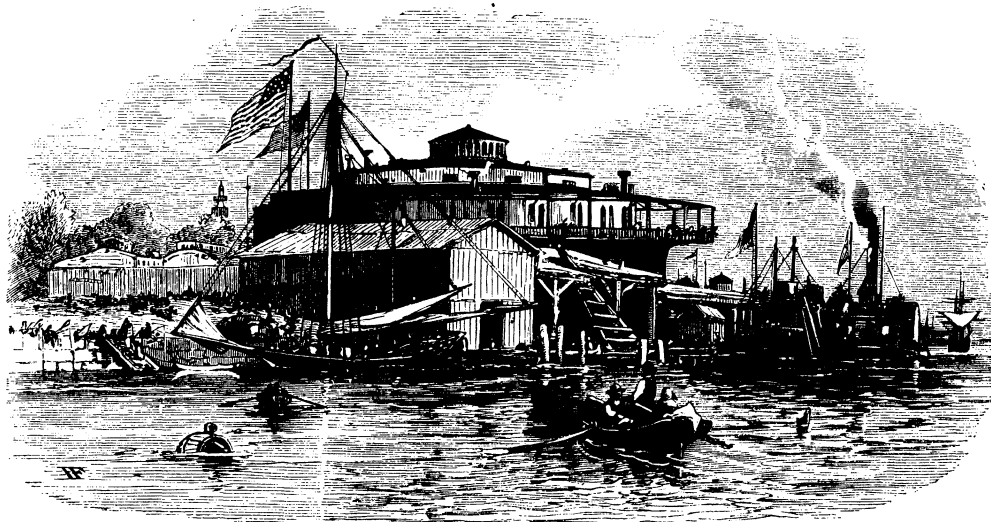
As we sweep by this point, the scene becomes even more animated than before. In front looms the great metropolis, with its miles of roofs, and broken outline of spires, towers, and domes, telling of religion, art, and

trade, while on either side, as far as the eye can reach, the water-line is fringed with a forest of masts, from which fly the vari-colored flags that represent the commerce of the globe. On the left we see Jersey City, one of the populous wings of New York, and catch glimpses of the Palisades and of the lovely villas and towns that line the banks of the Hudson; and on the right, scanning the East River, the attention is divided between Brooklyn, "the City of Churches," and the wonderful vitality that throbs on the bosom of the water. From morning until night, and from night until morning again, scores of ferry-boats fairly illustrate the idea of perpetual motion, for they are never at rest, and divide the honors of the busy place with a throng of larger and smaller craft, making their way to and from a thousand points of destination. Let us land, however, and commence minuter observations of interesting localities in New York from

### THE BATTERY.

This spot is identified with the history of the city from the earliest colonial times. Here were planted the tents of the settlers, and the first fortifications were erected for the defence of the Dutch colonists. Here were enacted many of the stirring scenes that preceded the American Revolution, in which the Sons of Liberty—among whom were Alexander Hamilton and the ancestors of not a few of the present "Old Kniekerbockers"—played an important part. And here, when hostilities were about to close, the evacuation of the city by the British troops took place. Washington, and the principal generals of the Revolution, were then more familiar with the spot than even the boys of the present generation.

In later years the Battery became a fashionable park, and the wealthy citizens sought the neighborhood, not only as a place of residence, but for the enjoyment afforded by a promenade among its beautiful shade-trees. It filled a space of seven acres, and was surrounded by a neat iron fence, having gates at the principal streets. Along the sea-wall was a flagging twenty feet wide, and on a summer afternoon thousands flocked thither to drink in the cool breezes of the ocean. In fact, forty years ago, the population of two hundred and thirty thousand appeared to appreciate their Battery more than do the million of to-day the grander and more ambitious Central Park.

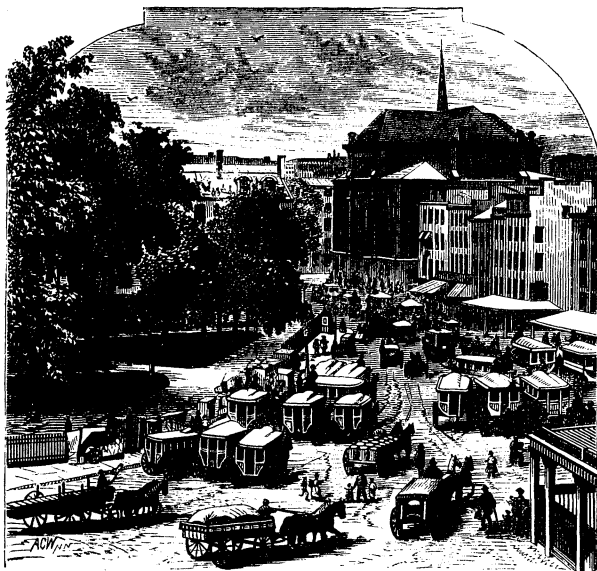


Castle Garden, from the Bay.

The old fort seen in the engraving, and now known as "Castle Garden," was sold to the State authorities about the year 1823, and for many years was identified with the social history of New York. The guests of the corporation were always welcomed at this point. In 1824 a great ball was given here to the Marquis Lafayette—an event the old folks still love to talk about. In 1832, General Jackson, and in 1843, President John Tyler, were also publicly received at Castle Garden. Subsequently it became the great opera-house of the metropolis, and has been the scene of the early American triumphs of the most noted singers of the day. Jenny Lind made her first appearance here, and the walls have echoed to the notes of Sontag, Bosio, Jullien, Truffi, Steffanoni, Parodi, Mario, Salvi, and scores who have passed from memory.

This was Castle Garden's closing glory. The tide of upper-tendom began its flow upward, and within a few

years the place has become an immigrant depot where the thousands who seek their fortunes in the New World are received from the ships and sent to various destinations. For a time the locality presented a squalid appearance, being a receptacle for rubbish; but in 1870-'71 the Battery was entirely renovated, and again has become an attractive resort for the denizens of the lower portion of the city.



Whitehall Street.

Adjoining the Battery is Whitehall, famous as the landing-place of the British in Revolutionary times, and a fashionable thoroughfare. Now, it is the termini of a dozen or more lines of stages and cars that visit almost every portion of the island. The Staten-Island and South-Ferry houses are also located here. The Corn Exchange, at the upper end of Whitehall, is a noble brick structure that will amply repay inspection.

Bowling Green in the time of the Dutch was the court end of the town, and all of its surroundings are, even now (1872), suggestive of the past. No. 1 Broadway, known as the "Old Kennedy House," was built in 1760, and has been occupied as the residence and headquarters of Lords Cornwallis and Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, and General Washington. Benedict Arnold occupied No. 5 Broadway, and there his treasonable projects were concocted. At No. 11, General Gates had his headquarters, and in 1763 it was the site of the fashionable Dutch tavern of Burgomaster Martin Cruger.

Southeast of the Green, now the site of a row of brick houses, in 1635, stood Fort Amsterdam, which was capacious enough to contain the governor's residence, a church, and a garrison of three hundred soldiers.

In 1770, an equestrian statue of King George III. was erected in Bowling Green, and the present iron railing was placed around it for protection. It was destroyed by the people on the evening when the Declaration of Independence was read to the troops in New York, and subsequently melted by the family of Governor Wolcott, of Connecticut. According to his statement, it furnished material for forty-two thousand bullets. The pedestal, as late as 1855, was serving as a doorstep to the mansion of the Van Voorst family in Jersey City. The iron balls which once ornamented the top of the railing were knocked off to give the British fleet a welcome from the cannon's throat.

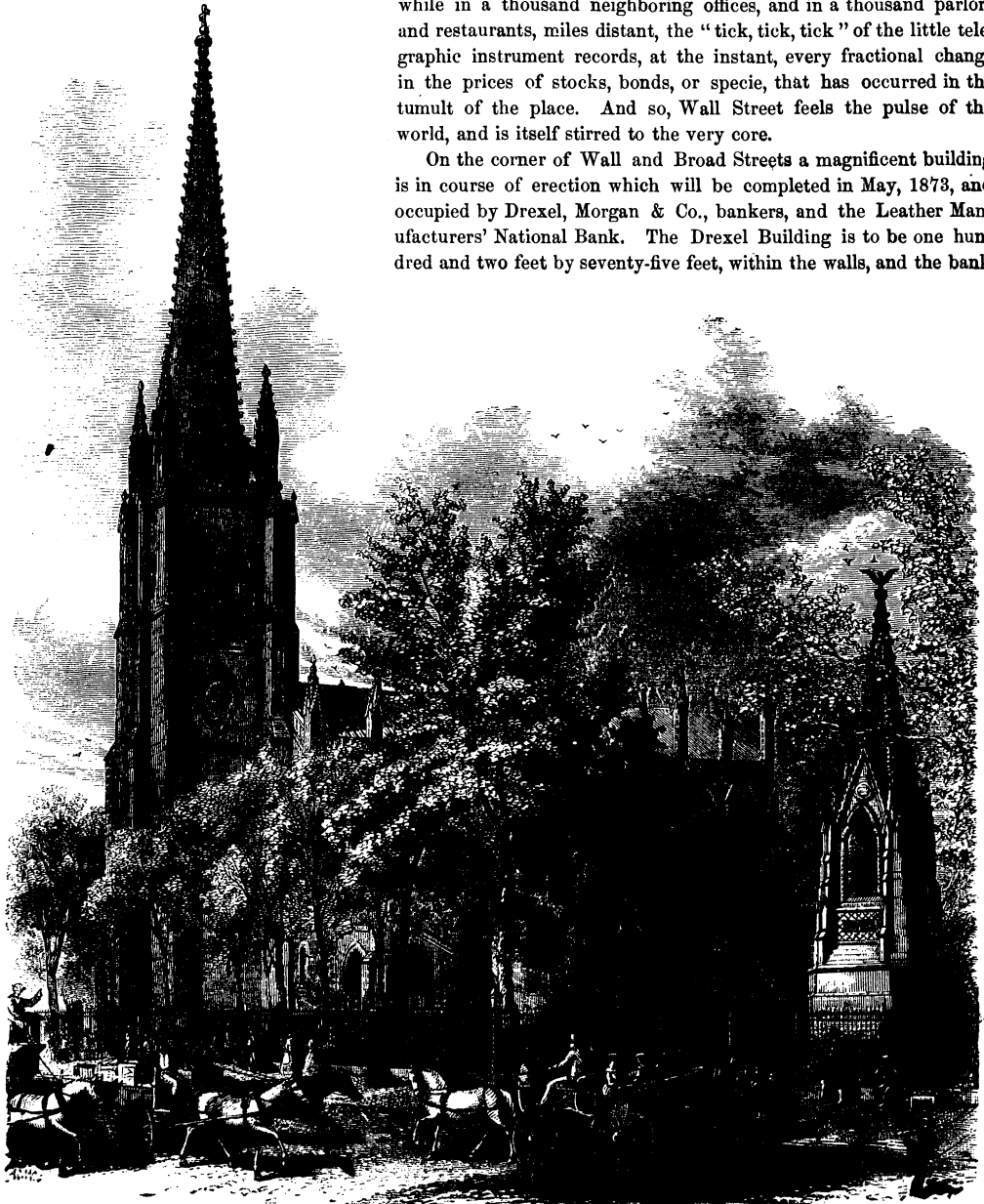
Passing up Broadway, we quickly reach the limits of the old town—Wall Street. In front of this thoroughfare stands Trinity Church, one of the most cathedral-like and elegant structures in America. It is of solid brown-stone from foundation to spire, except the roof; and the view from the steeple is the finest in New York. Queen Anne granted to the corporation, in 1705, the land extending along the west side of Broadway to Christopher Street, known as "the Queen's Farm," and the church corporation is consequently to-day the wealthiest on the continent. The first building, erected at the close of the seventeenth century, was small and square. This was destroyed in the great fire of 1776, which consumed four hundred and ninety-three houses, but it was rebuilt in 1788. On the 21st of May, 1846, the present edifice was consecrated to Christian worship, and hundreds of the "solid men" of New York are numbered among its communicants. The music by its choir and the chime of its bells are not surpassed in America.

No person should visit the church without inspecting its venerable graveyard; for here are to be seen in the time-worn, moss-covered stones, with their ancient inscriptions—some of them quaint and curious—the connecting links between the living and the dead. Here reposes the body of Alexander Hamilton, who was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel. Here, close by the main entrance, is the tomb of Captain Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, whose dying words, "Don't give up the ship," are familiar to every American school-boy. And here is the beautiful monumental cross of brown-stone erected to the memory of the patriots who died in the prison-hulks while the city was under British rule.

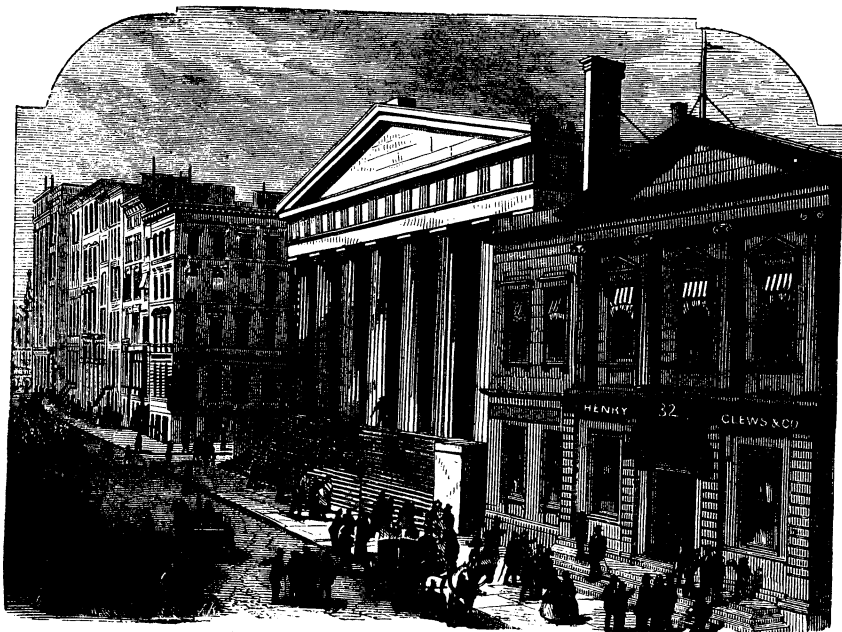
Pass now from these solemn surroundings to that wonderful thoroughfare known to the financial world as "Wall Street." The buildings are all substantial, and many of them elegant in their various styles of architect-

ure. Scores of signs on every door-way indicate the character of the great bee-hives within, and the anxious face of almost every man who hurries by tells of the intensity of the mad race for wealth. The fortunes that have been made and lost, sometimes in a day, the homes that have been ruined, and the hearts broken, in and around this locality, is a part of the romance and reality of business-life that never can be written. On any day, at high-noon, you may enter the Gold-Room or the Stock Exchange, and, from the gallery set apart for visitors, look down upon a scene of confusion that probably has no rival in the world—a scene in which the startling attitudes and yells of hundreds of the best-dressed men of New York, as they snap their fingers in each others' eyes, and crowd and push and dance in their eagerness to effect a trade, can only be compared to the wild vagaries of lunatics, and make even Bedlam seem dignified in the contrast. Meanwhile in a thousand neighboring offices, and in a thousand parlors and restaurants, miles distant, the "tick, tick, tick" of the little telegraphic instrument records, at the instant, every fractional change in the prices of stocks, bonds, or specie, that has occurred in the tumult of the place. And so, Wall Street feels the pulse of the world, and is itself stirred to the very core.

On the corner of Wall and Broad Streets a magnificent building is in course of erection which will be completed in May, 1873, and occupied by Drexel, Morgan & Co., bankers, and the Leather Manufacturers' National Bank. The Drexel Building is to be one hundred and two feet by seventy-five feet, within the walls, and the bank



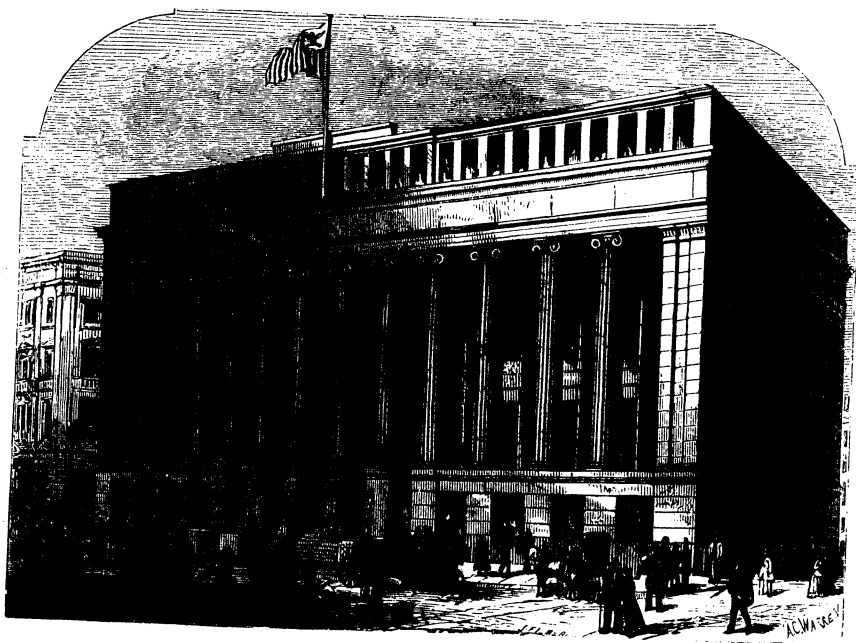
Trinity Church and Martyrs' Monument.



Treasury Building and Wall Street, looking West.

will front twenty-seven feet on Wall Street, with a depth of sixty-eight feet. The edifice will be of the Renaissance style, and will cost seven hundred thousand dollars. On the opposite side of Wall Street may be seen the spacious establishment of Henry Clews & Co., one of the largest private banking institutions in the Union.

The fine building which lifts its columnar front of marble on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets is now known as the United States Treasury and Assay-Office. It stands on the site of the old Congress or Town Hall



Custom-House.

of the Revolution, erected in the beginning of the last century, and memorable in history as the place where Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States, in April, 1789.

The present structure was erected for the Custom-House of the port of New York, and was used as such for many years. The building—one of the handsomest in the city—is two hundred eighty feet long, eighty feet wide, and eighty feet high. The main entrance is on Wall Street, and is made by an imposing flight of eighteen broad marble steps. The lookout from these embraces Broad Street, which may be not inaptly termed the Mecca of brokers, for on either side, as far as the eye can reach, are the elegant offices of the thousands who “live, move, and have their being” in this atmosphere of speculation, and manipulate much of the stocks, bonds, and money of the country.

Looking in the opposite direction we have a view of Nassau Street—a wonderfully busy thoroughfare. In the foreground are several of the great temples of finance: such as those of Jay Cooke & Co.; Duncan & Sherman; Fisk & Hatch; George Opdyke & Co.; the Bank of Commerce, and others. The office of the *Evening Post*, of which the venerable poet, William Cullen Bryant, is the chief proprietor, may also be seen. On the right, two squares distant, is the City Post-Office, its quaint old steeple, mouldy with age, yet marking, with monumental fidelity, the history of the past. In early times it was known as the Middle Dutch Church, and during the Revolution was used as a riding-school for the British cavalry, and a military prison wherein hundreds of American captives were huddled and died. Adjoining the Post-Office, at Nos. 34 and 36, stood another of these prison-houses.

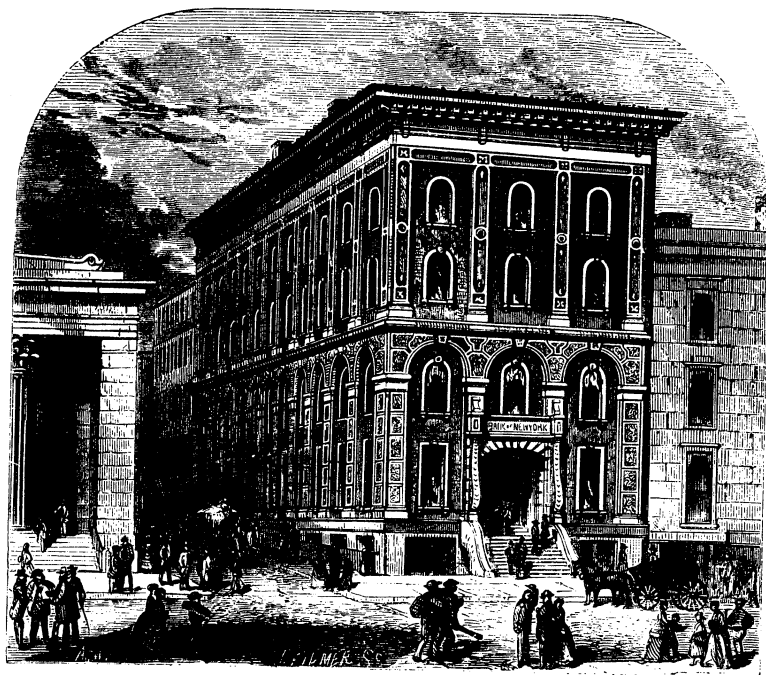
A walk down Wall Street will well repay the visitor, for he will see not a few of the grandest banking institutions



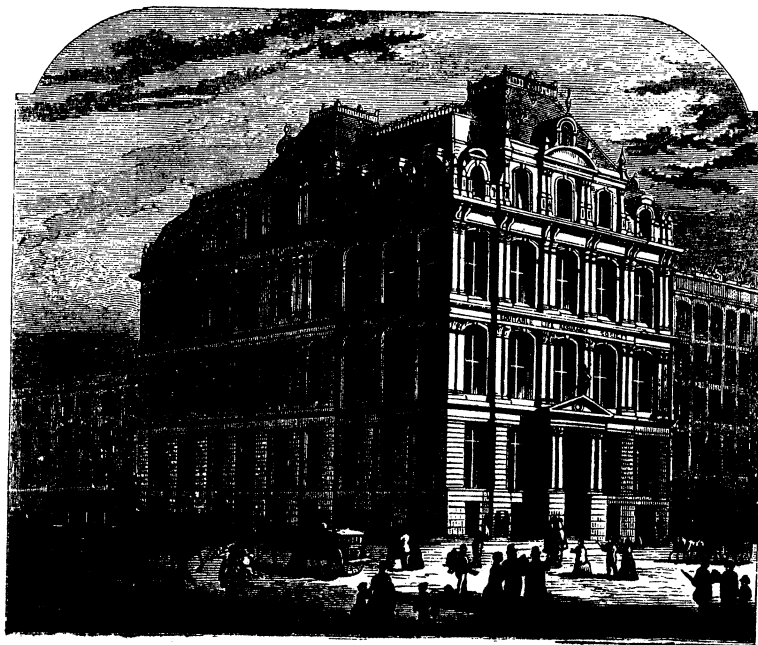
Nassau Street, north from Wall Street

in America, and a display of elegant architecture such as is not presented in the same compass elsewhere on this continent. Chief among these is the handsome structure known as the Bank of New York; and opposite, the once famous Merchants' Exchange, now the Custom-House. The latter deserves more than passing notice. It occupies a large but irregular square, and scarcely any thing but stone and iron is employed in its construction. The building is a model of solidity and graceful proportions, and its massive granite columns and portico never fail to arrest the attention of the stranger. It has a frontage of one hundred and forty-four feet, a

depth of two hundred feet, and the height to the central dome is one hundred and twenty-four feet. The base of this dome is supported within the rotunda by eight lofty columns of Italian marble, the capitals of which were carved in Italy. The architect was Mr. Isaiah Rogers, and the total cost one million eight hundred thousand dollars.



Bank of New York, corner of Wall and William Streets.



Corner of Cedar Street and Broadway.

A little farther down Wall, we shall cross Pearl Street, said to have been in the olden time a cow-path, and certainly one of the crookedest streets in New York. This is the locality of cotton-brokers, the Cotton Exchange, and wholesale houses in various merchandise. At the foot of Wall Street is one of the ferries which connect New York with Brooklyn.

Returning now to Broadway, we will resume our journey up town, and briefly notice the main points of interest *en route*.

On the corner of Cedar Street will be seen the building of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, a tall structure, unique in



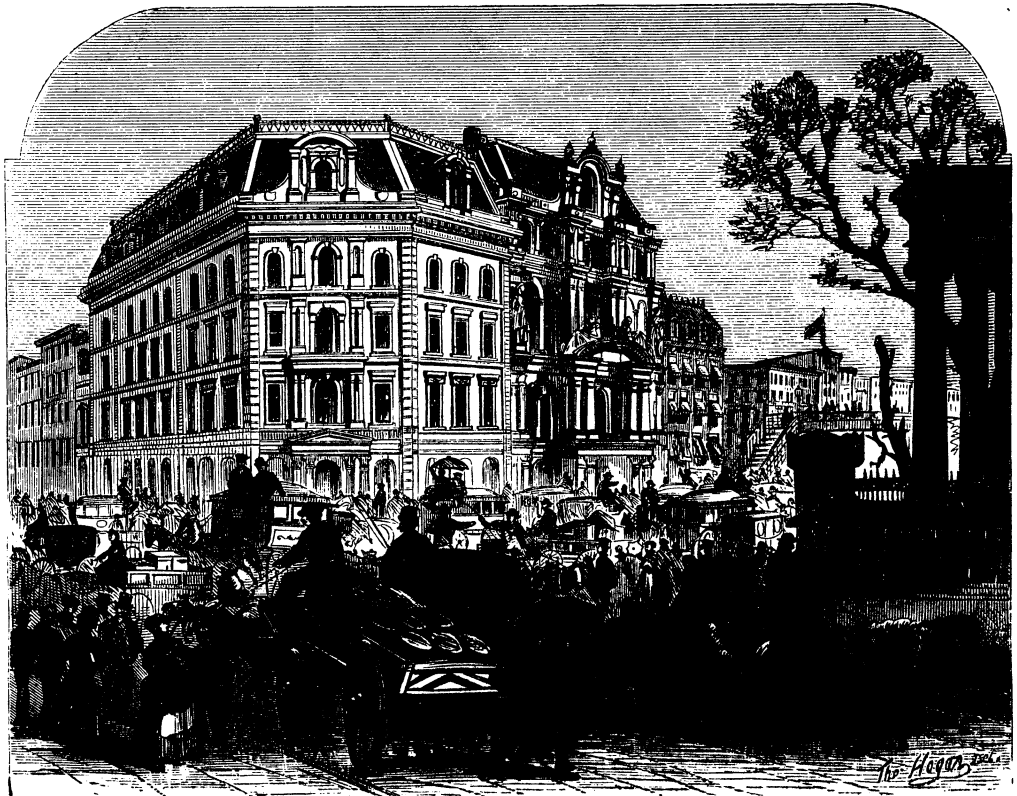
design, yet architecturally elegant, both within and without. The Mansard towers rear their heads far above the neighboring houses, and the commanding view from the top has caused it to be selected as one of the signal-stations which indicate the condition and probabilities of the weather. The building has a frontage of eighty-seven feet on Broadway, is one hundred and eighty-seven feet deep, and one hundred and thirty-seven feet high. It is furnished in an elegant and costly manner; with every modern convenience for the transaction of business.

In this vicinity may also be seen the massive structure said to be absolutely fire-proof, in the basement of which is stored much of the portable wealth of New York, represented by stocks, bonds, bullion, plate, and specie. The apartment may be compared to a gigantic safe, in the sides and floor of which are thousands of smaller safes, arranged tier on tier like the cells of a honeycomb, each numbered and locked with a peculiar key, of which no duplicate can be had save from the Superintendent, and the whole enclosed and protected by doors that defy both fire and burglar's tool.

Farther on, a central point of observation will be found at the Astor House—a massive granite structure, and an hotel that has witnessed the rise and fall of many similar institutions, yet itself has remained a monument of well-conducted enterprise; and its present popularity is attested by the fact that many of the most noted men of the country continue to make it their resort when visiting the metropolis.

The scene from the steps of the Astor House is probably one of the most animated in New York. From morning until night there is moving by an ever-changing procession of vehicles that have poured into the great artery from a thousand tributaries, and to cross Broadway one must needs be a sort of animated billiard-ball with power to "carom" from wheel to wheel until he can safely "pocket" his personal corporosity on the opposite walk.

Looking to the right, St. Paul's will be seen on the corner of Vesey Street, the adjoining graveyard containing tombstones and inscriptions as ancient as those of Old Trinity; while directly opposite stands the well-known *New York Herald* Building. This is erected on the site of Barnum's Museum, which was destroyed by fire in the summer of 1865, and is one of the most prominent edifices of the metropolis. Adjoining the *Herald* office, and also visible in the illustration, is the showy front of the Park Bank.



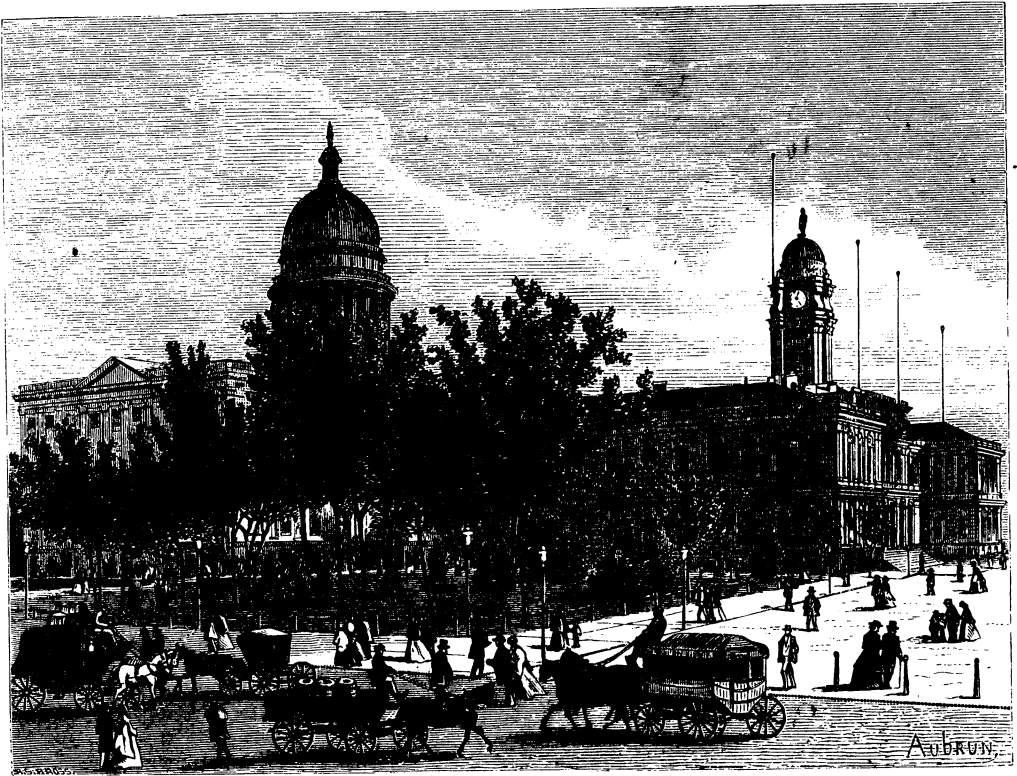
Herald and Park Bank Buildings, opposite St. Paul's.



New Post-Office, erecting at the Lower End of the Park

Crossing now to the Park, that which first arrests the eye are the majestic proportions of the basement of the new Post-Office now in process of construction. When completed, the building will probably be the handsomest of the kind in the United States. While its southern face may be considered the principal front, each of the four sides will have an equal elaboration. The only materials used in its construction are granite, iron, brick, and glass; the former coming from an island off the coast of Maine, where six hundred men are employed in quarrying and dressing it. The style of architecture adopted is that known as the Doric, modified, however, by the Renaissance. The north front of the building will be two hundred and ninety feet in length, the Broadway front three hundred and forty feet, and the Park Row front three hundred and twenty feet in the clear. On each of these two fronts, however, there is an angle which, running back some distance and then projecting, forms the entrance looking down Broadway. The entire width of this front is one hundred and thirty feet. These entering angles and projecting portico will give this front a very bold and striking appearance. The building will consist of a cellar, a basement, three stories, and an attic. The roof will be of the Mansard style, the upright portion being covered with slate, and the flat portion with copper. In accordance with the plans of the architect, the basement will consist of one vast apartment, which will be devoted to the sorting of letters and making up of the mails. The first floor will be used as the receiving department: comprising the money-order and registering offices, stamp and envelop bureaus, and postmaster's and secretaries' private rooms. On the second and third floors will be the United States Court-rooms, and the attic will supply rooms to the janitor, watchmen, etc. There will be no less than twelve elevators for the various purposes of the establishment, and for light and heat the most perfect contrivances known to art have been adopted.

Crossing the Park at this point, we enter what is known as Printing-House Square, from the fact that the offices of the principal daily and weekly newspapers of New York are there located. A bronze statue of Benjamin



City Hall and New Court House.

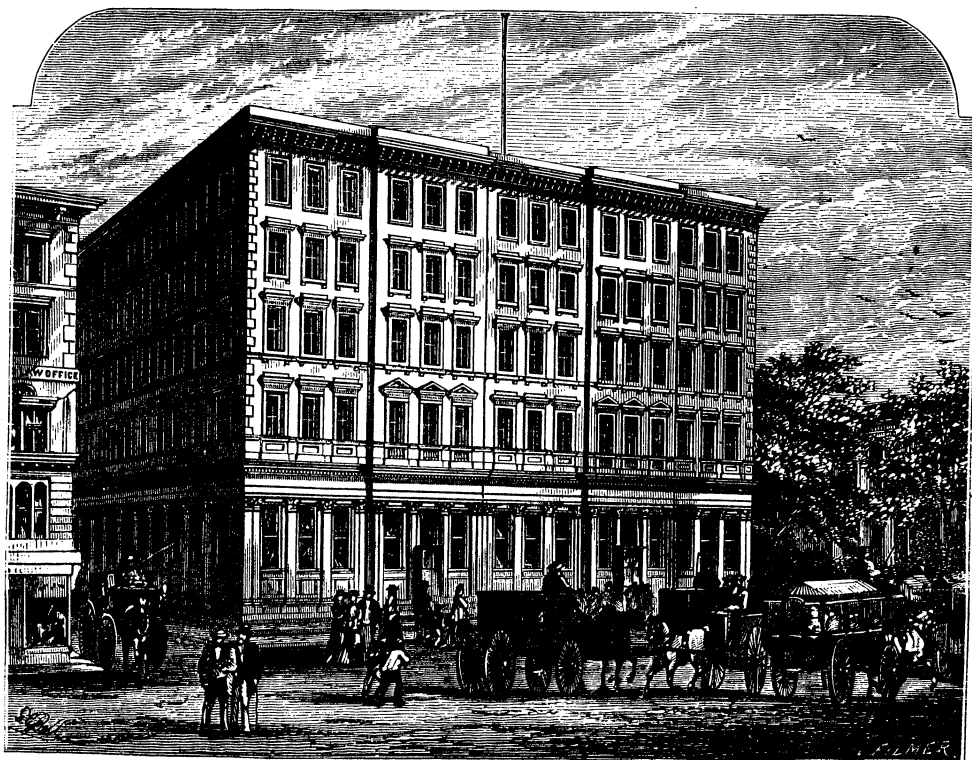
Franklin, erected under the auspices of Captain Benjamin De Groot in 1871, also appropriately marks the locality. The buildings in view stand on the edge of what was known in old times as "Beekman's Swamp." The low grounds are now occupied by the substantial warehouses of the wholesale dealers in leather, and the neighborhood is still known in the trade as "the Swamp."

The City-Hall Park is identified with the early history and growth of New York. Less than a century ago it was looked upon as the "Old Fields," and the country residences of wealthy citizens were erected in and around the adjacent grounds. A portion of the walls of the present Hall of Records constituted, as far back as 1758, the walls of the colonial provost jail, and, if space permitted, many an incident might be related of the dark and bloody scenes enacted on the spot. Within the last ten years the Park has undergone much change, and with its shrubbery, trees, fountains, and broad walks, it now constitutes an attractive feature of this portion of the metropolis.

The City Hall has so long been the chief public edifice of New York as to require but brief mention. It has been the scene of many interesting episodes. The stranger will still find in the "Governor's Room" a collection of portraits of New York worthies, and other objects of interest will attract his attention.

The new Court-House deserves more extended notice, as a structure in every way worthy of a great municipal corporation. It is constructed of white marble, and within and without, in every detail, combines strength, elegance, and solidity. The pervading order of architecture is Corinthian, and the general effect of its massive proportions, viewed from any side, is grand and striking. The building is two hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet wide. To the top of the pediment the height is ninety-seven feet, and to the top of the dome, when completed, the distance will be two hundred and twenty-five feet. It has been suggested that the tower crowning the dome should be converted into a light-house as a land-mark for mariners, but this point has not yet been decided by the superintending architect. The portico and steps, with the grand columns on the Chambers-Street front, are said to be the finest piece of work of the kind in America. The interior of the edifice is equally elaborate and complete, and several of the apartments are now occupied by the public officers.

Nearly opposite the new Court-House, on Chambers Street, is what was known in old times as Gallows Hill, where the execution of American prisoners generally took place after midnight. It overlooked a fresh-water pond



Stewart's Wholesale Store, corner of Broadway and Chambers Street.

and a little island, near the junction of Centre and Pearl Streets, but both of these have long since disappeared, giving place in time to that horrible locality of which the famous Five Points once formed a part. A line of fortifications also crossed the hill from Broadway to Chatham Street; and Stewart's present wholesale establishment,



New York Life Insurance Company's Building, corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.

on the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, occupies the site of one of the principal forts of the city during the Revolution.

When erected, this great block of marble was considered to be "up-town;" and twenty years ago it was as fashionable for the ladies to shop there as it is now fashionable to shop in Stewart's grander temple of trade on the corner of Ninth and Tenth Streets. The building is at present devoted to the wholesale business of the prince-merchant.

Many changes have taken place in this neighborhood within a few years: old streets have been widened, new streets cut through, and in the place of the former brick or wooden houses, are blocks of elegant marble and iron structures, occupied by the jobbers in dry-goods, embroidery, boots and shoes, and fancy notions. The old New

York Hospital is among the buildings which have disappeared from a front view on Broadway in yielding to this march of improvements. Its handsome grounds have been absorbed by the western continuation of Pearl Street. One wing of the building only stands, the entrance to which is now in the rear of the institution.

The next imposing edifice which we encounter—said to be one of the finest ever reared by private enterprise in America—is that of



Broadway, looking north from the St Nicholas

the New York Life Insurance Company, on the corner of Leonard Street and Broadway. It is of pure white marble, of the Ionic order of architecture, the design having been suggested by the Temple of the Erechtheus at Athens. The exterior is a model of architectural taste, and the offices within are remarkable for beauty and convenience. The appointments are superb, and well worthy of inspection. This company is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the United States—having commenced business in 1845—and ranks among its trustees some of the most eminent citizens of New York. The accumulations are over nineteen million dollars, and the annual revenues exceed seven millions, and are steadily increasing.

Continuing our journey up Broadway, we cross Canal Street, which, comparatively speaking, was a few years ago "out of town." The neighborhood was little more than an old swamp, and living New-Yorkers recall the time in their boyhood when they were wont to bathe in the stream that coursed among the bushes.

Many wholesale establishments and handsome buildings are now to be seen, prominent among which is that of Lord & Taylor, the great dry-goods merchants, on the corner of Broadway and Grand Street.

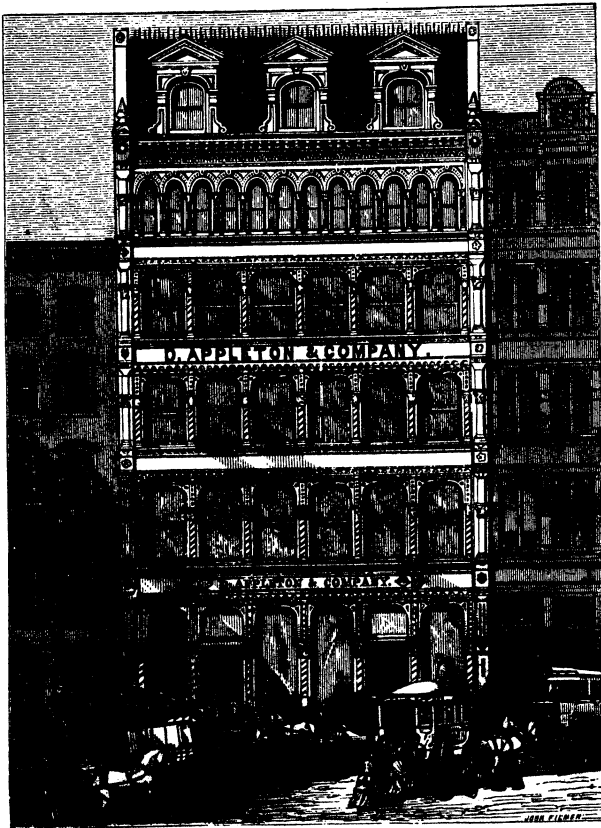
A few steps carry us to the St. Nicholas Hotel, which, until rivalled by others of more modern construction, was celebrated as the finest institution of the kind in the world. It still maintains its reputation, however, as a model hotel.

The view up and down Broadway from this point is brilliant and picturesque; for, as far as the eye can reach, it gathers in on either side a range of business palaces, representing every variety of taste, style, and beauty, while between them, in the street and on the sidewalk, is an ever-changing scene in which light, color, and motion, combine to create a charm that never tires. There is a fascination even in the throng of vehicles; the faces in the omnibusses and private carriages; the gay turn-outs and handsome equipages; and in the strange commingling of people passing to and fro, representing every State and country, every style of dress from that of the Oriental to the last fashion of the Anglo-Saxon, there is a magnetic attraction that compels the stranger to linger and enjoy the kaleidoscopic scene. For three miles the change is continual; the continuity of effect is unbroken; and a walk up or down Broadway is one of the pleasantest reminiscences of a visit to the metropolis.

It is a noticeable feature of this Broadway crowd that its phases correspond with different periods of the day. Early in the morning, for instance, you will see the working-people, the sewing-girls, and younger clerks, pouring into the street from right and left, and hurrying downward. At eight or nine o'clock the procession is chiefly composed of business men—those who fill the counting-rooms, or hawl in Wall Street. From ten to three the ladies appear in full force on shopping expeditions, and then the tide begins to turn upward. At four o'clock, a hundred thousand are promenading; a goodly proportion being peripatetic fashion-plates, contrived by the cunning of the dressmaker and milliner. At six the poorer classes are again homeward bound; and then, until morning, Broadway is abandoned to the pleasure-seeker, midnight prowler, and poor wretches who have shunned the light of day.

Resuming our journey, we shall find, on the southwest corner of Broadway and Prince Street, the elegant jewelry establishment of the Messrs. Ball, Black & Co. The building is of white marble, and, with its fine porticoed entrance and tasteful style, presents an attractive appearance.

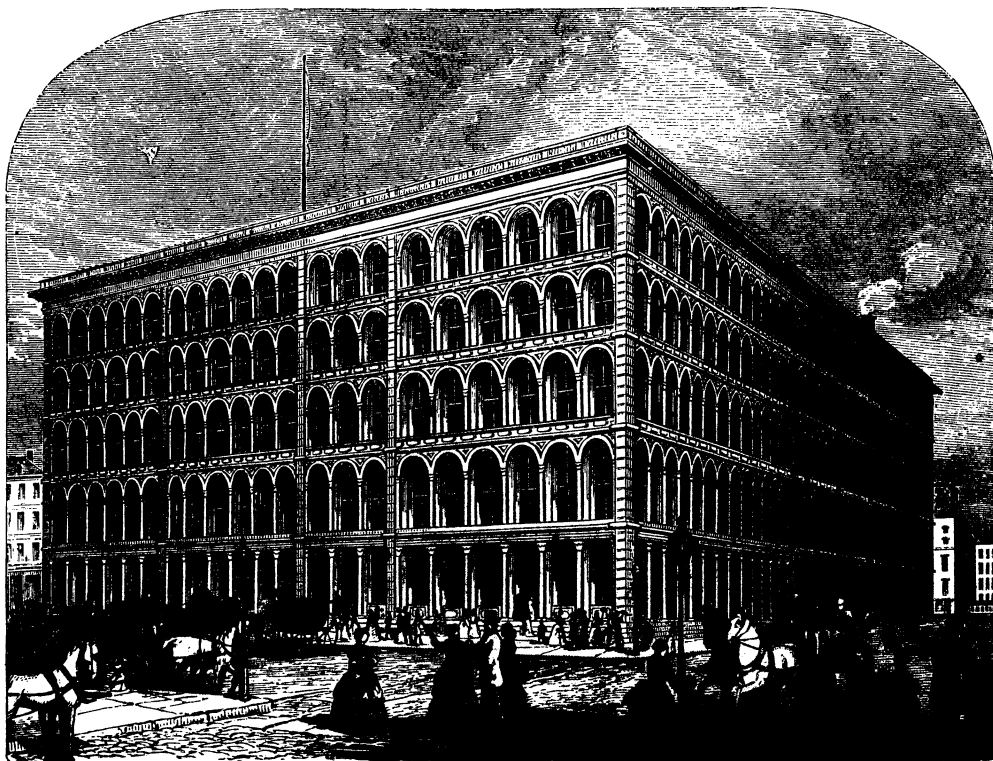
The Metropolitan Hotel is on the opposite side of Broadway, its noble proportions occupying very nearly an entire square.



Broadway, near Prince Street.



American Watch Company's Building, Bond Street, near Broadway.



Stewart's Store—Broadway, Ninth and Tenth Streets.



Its great brown-stone façade is always a noticeable feature of the street, while, within, the palatial elegance of the furniture and other appointments has long been a theme of admiration by visitors and guests.

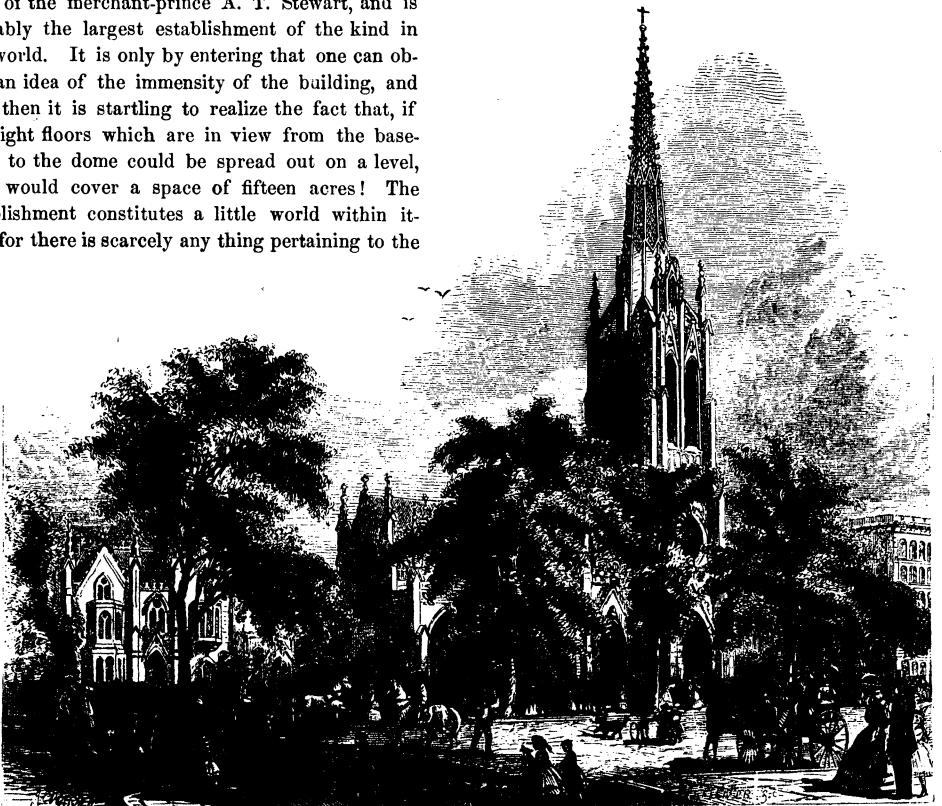
The edifice occupied by the publishing firm of D. Appleton & Co. is noticeable from the fact that it was somewhat of an innovation in the prevailing style of city architecture. Built of iron, it is treated solely as iron, without any attempt at the imitation of marble. It is painted ornamentally, the background being of a neutral tint, lighted up with red and gold. The latter is freely used in the scroll-work on the pillars between the windows, and the effect is brilliant. Since the construction of this building, the same style has been successfully adopted elsewhere, and bids fair to introduce various modifications in the existing plans for the construction of iron buildings.

An effective instance of this kind of architecture may be seen in the American Watch Company's building in Bond Street, a few doors east of Broadway. It is occupied by the offices of the famous American Watch Company, whose watches are known the world over, and by several jewelry establishments.

The next most prominent building that we shall encounter is the Grand Central Hotel—a monster edifice with a marble front, eight stories in height, and surmounted by a Mansard roof.

Passing on, we reach Astor Place, the scene of the great Macready riots, and may visit the Mercantile Library Building, which was formerly the Astor Place Opera-House. The Astor Library, in this vicinity, is also an attractive spot to the literary visitor. Beyond, on the corners of Fourth Avenue, are the Bible House and Cooper Institute, the latter erected by the generosity of Peter Cooper, a wealthy citizen. It is a large brown-stone edifice, and occupies an entire square. It contains a library and various educational departments, in which the poor are instructed for a nominal sum in various branches of art and education. The Colton Dental Association have their rooms in the building, and make a specialty of the use of nitrous-oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth. In their office is an immense scroll containing the signatures of upward of *forty thousand* patients, who certify that the operation was painless. The building and neighborhood will be further described when we make a tour on the Bowery and Fourth Avenue.

Returning to Broadway, the attention of the observer will be attracted by the magnificent marble structure occupying the square bounded by Ninth and Tenth Streets and Fourth Avenue. It is the palatial dry-goods store of the merchant-prince A. T. Stewart, and is probably the largest establishment of the kind in the world. It is only by entering that one can obtain an idea of the immensity of the building, and even then it is startling to realize the fact that, if the eight floors which are in view from the basement to the dome could be spread out on a level, they would cover a space of fifteen acres! The establishment constitutes a little world within itself, for there is scarcely any thing pertaining to the



Grace Church and Parsonage, corner of Tenth Street and Broadway.



toilet of a lady, from hair-pins to the carpets with which she furnishes her boudoir, that may not be found in its proper department.

Grace Church—a square beyond “Stewart’s”—marks the spot where Broadway makes its sharp turn to the left. It is one of the fashionable places of worship, and has been the scene of many of the most aristocratic weddings and funerals of New York. Its architecture and that of the adjoining rectory are pleasing, and afford a relief to the surrounding monotony of brick and stone.

The handsome building known as the Methodist Book Concern, on the left of Broadway and Wallack’s Theatre on the right, may be scanned a moment, and then we enter Union Square, one of the “breathing spots” of the metropolis. The first object which strikes the eye, near Fourteenth Street, is Brown’s colossal equestrian statue of Washington. The figures are of bronze, mounted on a plain granite pedestal, and are fourteen and a half feet in height, the entire monument, including the pedestal, being twenty-nine feet. This work of art has been generally and deservedly admired. The bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln stands on a granite pedestal, at the opposite or western angle of the square. The likeness of the famous ex-President is perfect, but it has been suggested that there is a want of due proportion between the figure and its granite base.

The park is a beautiful oval, devoted to verdure, save where the broad walks and cosy seats invite the multitude to wander or to rest. The unsightly iron fence, which a year or two ago enclosed the spot, has been removed, and in its place will doubtless appear lines of ornamental shrubbery. There is a fine fountain in the centre, and during the spring and summer months the inviting locality is thronged with the residents of this portion of the city. The denizens of the park are birds—English sparrows—who are not only faithful guardians of the old trees in protecting them from the ravages of worms, but are a source of never-ending amusement. Quaint structures, in imitation of Chinese pagodas on a miniature scale, have been provided for the accommodation of the little feathered bipeds; and bear such names as the “Sparrows’ Doctor-Shop,” “Sparrows’ Station-House,” and “Sparrows’ Restaurant.” Indeed, the birds enjoy an unmolested kingdom of their own, and are so tame as to play or quarrel at the very feet of the passing throng.

Years ago, Union Square was a fashionable neighborhood, wherein resided some of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of New York, but it has yielded to the march of trade, and every day changes are taking place in its aspect. The old brick mansions are being torn down, to make way for elegant structures, and doubtless another decade will witness an imposing array of architectural fronts. Already there is a circle of select hotels, restaurants, and stores. On the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street is the *Maison Dorée*, and adjoining it the white façade of the Union Square Theatre. Making a circle to the right, we find on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue a massive granite structure, erected for banking and other purposes by a German corporation.



Union Square.

Farther up Fourth Avenue, we see the handsome front of the Union Place Hotel; then the tall iron building of the Singer Sewing Machine Company; and a little beyond, the handsome proportions of the Everett House and Clarendon Hotel. The former is shown in the accompanying illustration. Continuing our walk, we pass by a row of elegant brick structures on the northern side of the square, and, returning toward the point at which we started, see the splendid iron edifice of Messrs. Tiffany & Co.—the well-known jewellers—an establishment always well worthy of a visit, because many of the arts of the Old World and the New there find fitting representation. This building occupies the site formerly covered by Dr. Cheever's Church of the Puritans.

Like Union Square, Fourteenth Street, that other once fashionable locality, has undergone marked changes, east and west of Broadway. Looking east, we have a view of Messrs. Steinway & Sons' building—a chaste structure of pure white marble, embracing the piano-forte warerooms of the firm, and the grand music-hall, which, in respect of acoustics, is pronounced to be one of the finest in the country.

At the corner of Irving Place, on the same side of the street, is the Academy of Music, the scene of the triumphs of many of the most distinguished operatic singers of these later days, and a place famous for the grand balls and receptions given in honor of public guests.

The handsome white marble-faced building beyond the Academy is "Tammany Hall." It is a noble building architecturally, and has often been the centre of wild and stirring political events, especially during the sessions of Democratic conventions.

Almost immediately opposite the Academy is the chapel of Grace Church, and immediately adjoining it is the iron tent of the Hippodrome, a permanent circus, adapted in every detail to that branch of amusement, and, during the winter, a popular place of resort.

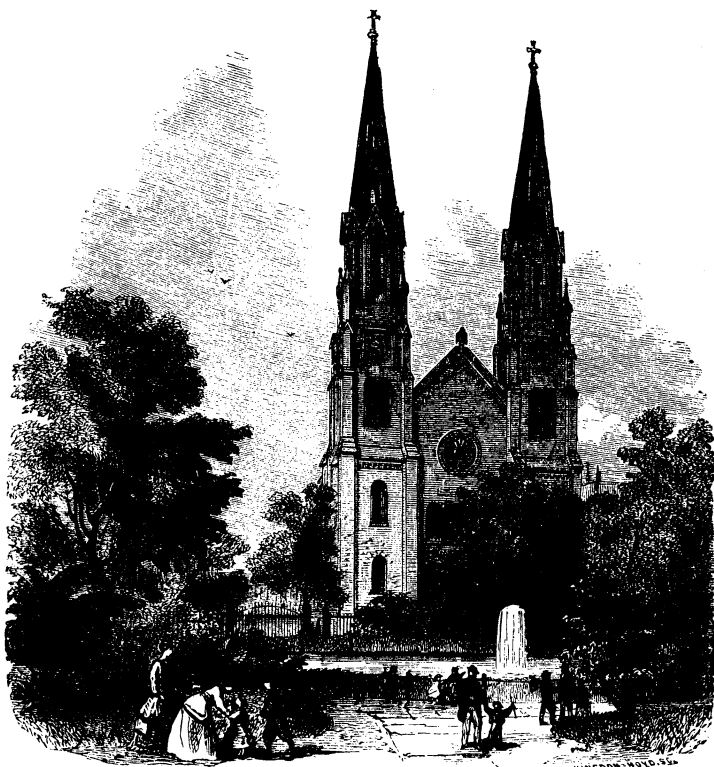
Looking westwardly, we find that Fourteenth Street has been invaded by merchants and men of business. The Brooks Brothers have here an up-town branch of their clothing establishment, facing the square, and a little way westward, what was once an elegant private mansion has been converted to mercantile uses by Messrs. Chickering & Co., the famous piano-makers. The building has lost none of its quiet elegance in the hands of the Messrs. Chickering, whose parlors, filled with pianos of the most exquisite make and highest excellence, will reward the visit of the stranger. On the corner of Fifth Avenue, Delmonico caters to the gastronomic tastes of the fashionable public with the same success that attends his endeavors in his establishments "down-town" among the merchants. Farther on are to be seen the Armory of the Twenty-second Regiment, and long, handsome



Chickering Building, Fourteenth Street, near Broadway.

blocks of brown-stone mansions that are only awaiting the lapse of a few years to be absorbed by the current of commerce and turned into a more public channel.

Before leaving the vicinity of Union Square, it will well repay the lover of the artistic and beautiful to obtain a view of St. George's Church, which is situated on the corner of East Sixteenth Street and Rutherford Place. This edifice is said to be capable of holding a larger congregation than any other ecclesiastical structure in the city of New York. It is built of solid brown-stone, and, with its two lofty towers looking to the east, and immense depth and height of wall, is certainly entitled to the first rank among the religious edifices of America. It was erected in 1849; but the interior was completely destroyed by fire on the 14th of November, 1865. The refitting of the building was immediately entered upon, and it is now one of the handsomest in the country. The interior is very striking in its polychromatic designs, and the ceiling of the roof is a "thing of beauty" well worth seeing. The chancel is one of the handsomest in the city.



St. George's Church, corner of Sixteenth Street and Rutherford Place.

The adjoining rectory—the abode of the venerated Rector of St. George's, Rev. Stephen H. Tyng—and the chapel on Sixteenth Street, are architecturally and otherwise in keeping with the noble edifice of which they are a part.

Continuing his walk through Sixteenth Street to Second Avenue, and thence as far as Eighth Street, the stranger will be introduced to a section of the metropolis in which are still to be found many of the descendants of the old Knickerbockers, and not a few reminiscences connected with the early history of New York. He will there stand upon ground which, in ancient times, constituted the old "Bowerie" estate of Governor Stuyvesant, one of the famous rulers of the New Netherlands. Here, the old chronicles tell us, "he enjoyed the repose of agricultural pursuits within sight of the smoke of the city, which curled above the tree-tops." His house was built of small yellow brick, imported from Holland, and stood near the present St. Mark's Church, between Second and Third Avenues. A fine brick building now covers the spot. A pear-tree, imported from Holland by Stuyvesant in 1647, and planted in his garden, recently flourished on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue, but a few years ago it perished in a gale.

On the site of the present church of St. Mark's, Governor Stuyvesant built a chapel at his own expense, and dedicated it to the service of God according to the ritual of the Reformed Dutch Church. At his death he was buried in the vault within the chapel, and over his remains was placed a slab which may still be seen in the eastern wall of St. Mark's, with the following inscription: "In this vault lies buried PETRUS STUYVESANT, late Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherlands, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands. Died in August, A. D. 1682, aged eighty years." Other tablets and curious monuments of the past are to be found in this quaint old building.

Passing through St. Mark's Place we soon reach Broadway, whence by Waverley Place it is but a step to Washington Square, another of the lovely spots that are to be found here and there in the heart of the metropolis, where among the leafy shadows of the trees one may find repose. The square was once the site of Potter's Field.

Now it is surrounded by elegant private residences, and is beautifully laid out, and made attractive as a place of public resort. The New York University and Dr. Hutton's Church are to be seen on its eastern front. There are nine acres within the enclosure, and it is not more the haunt of birds than of the wearied thousands who on a summer day or evening find comfort in its balmy air. Here commences

### FIFTH AVENUE,

perhaps the most famous street in America, yet only famous as the representative locality in which, for more than thirty years, fashionable New York has expended its love for lavish display. Probably there is not another street in the world wherein are more elegant and imposing private residences, furnished with princely magnificence, or more exquisite collections of those trifles of art and taste which bespeak a high order of cultivation. It now extends from Waverley Place into the wilderness at the upper end of the island, and there is scarcely an edifice on which the eye may rest, in that long stretch of three or four miles, that is not suggestive of architectural beauty of design. Wealth reigns in this region almost supreme, and, while many noble blocks of buildings will arrest the



Fifth Avenue, at corner of Twenty-first Street.

attention of the observer elsewhere, he will not elsewhere find such an unbroken phalanx of genuine brown-stone supremacy.

It would be impracticable to describe in detail the many objects of interest which are to be seen on this avenue; to penetrate its gorgeous club-houses; its large and expensive libraries; choice picture-galleries, private billiard-rooms, and exquisitely-furnished parlors; and a drive up its Belgian pavement and a glance at the exterior decorations of its handsome mansions must suffice. We pass on, only taking note of the melancholy fact, adverted to elsewhere in connection with aristocratic localities, that even this exclusive atmosphere has been at last intruded upon by the milliner, tailor, and *mesdame* of the boarding-house. Yea, even the "tiger" has made his lair in the vicinity, and outside barbarians in the lower social scale claim an abiding-place within the heretofore sacred precincts.

The real glory of the avenue, however, is to be seen best on Sunday after the morning service. Fashion in all of its strangest conglomerations, and beauty in its most exquisite dress, then exhibit themselves on the prome-

nade. This Sunday stroll is considered the correct thing to "do," even though it may require a walk of several squares to join the throng, and, from the persistent regularity of the Christian crowd in making its appearance at the stated time, it would seem as if it were a part of the religious etiquette of society to merge its devotions into a kaleidoscopic panorama which at once displays the last miracle of the toilet and the most startling invention of the *modiste*.

The avenue is likewise a favorite highway for the owners of equipages *en route* to and from the Central Park, and every pleasant afternoon witnesses a display of showy animals and vehicles almost matchless in its extent and variety. Next to a fashionable race-course, it is the place above all others in New York for the exhibition of handsome horseflesh.

On the right and left of Fifth Avenue, as we proceed upward, are various points of interest whither we may profitably digress. *En passant*, the Brevoort House—an aristocratic family hotel—may be noticed, and farther



Fifth Avenue on a Sunday Morning.

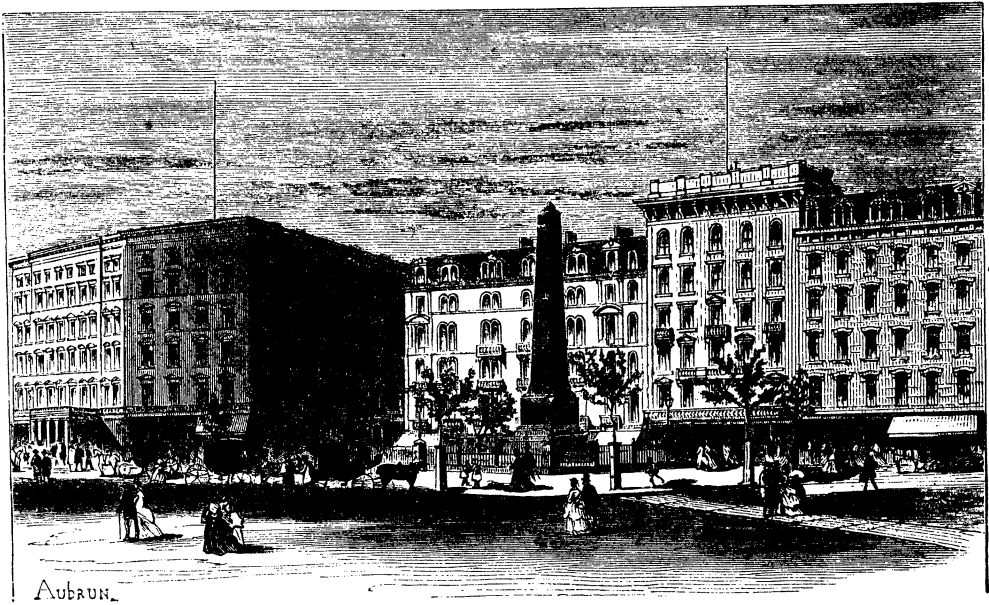
on Delmonico's restaurant, and the noted Manhattan Club on the corner of Fifteenth Street. Stepping out on Broadway, we find the dry-goods palaces of Arnold, Constable & Co., on the corner of Nineteenth Street, and of Lord & Taylor, on the corner of Twentieth Street, both establishments being the most attractive places of resort by the fair sex in this portion of the city. As will be seen in the accompanying sketch, the latter building is unique in design, and with its towering roof, wide entrances, and glittering show-windows, presents an effective appearance.



Corner of Broadway and Twentieth Street—Lord & Taylor's New Building.

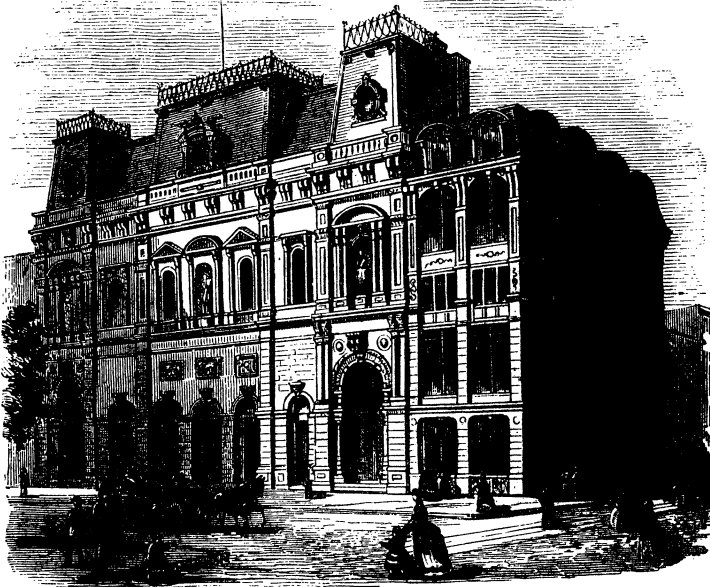
At Twenty-third Street the avenue merges into and crosses Broadway. We are also at the breezy opening known as Madison Square—a lovely park, embracing ten acres of turf and foliage, and surrounded by magnificent dwellings and business edifices. Prominent among the latter are the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Hoffman House, the latter a fashionable and popular hotel kept on the European plan. One of the most notable features of the Square, standing at the intersection of Broadway with Fifth Avenue, almost directly opposite the Hoffman House, is the monument erected to the memory of General Worth, by the corporation of the city of New York, in 1857, eight years after the death of the aged and gallant hero in Texas. The monument is four-sided, chaste and beautiful, each side of the base and shaft bearing inscriptions pertaining to the memory of the deceased, and the names of the different engagements in which he distinguished himself, with handsome bronze reliefs between the inscriptions on the base and those above.

The front, or southward-looking side, presents a handsome equestrian image of General Worth in high relief, with armorial insignia of the same material above, and the name and military title of the deceased in raised stone letters on the base below; while, lettered in the shaft above, one below the other, are the celebrated battle-names of "Monterey," "Vera Cruz," "San Antonio," "City of Mexico."

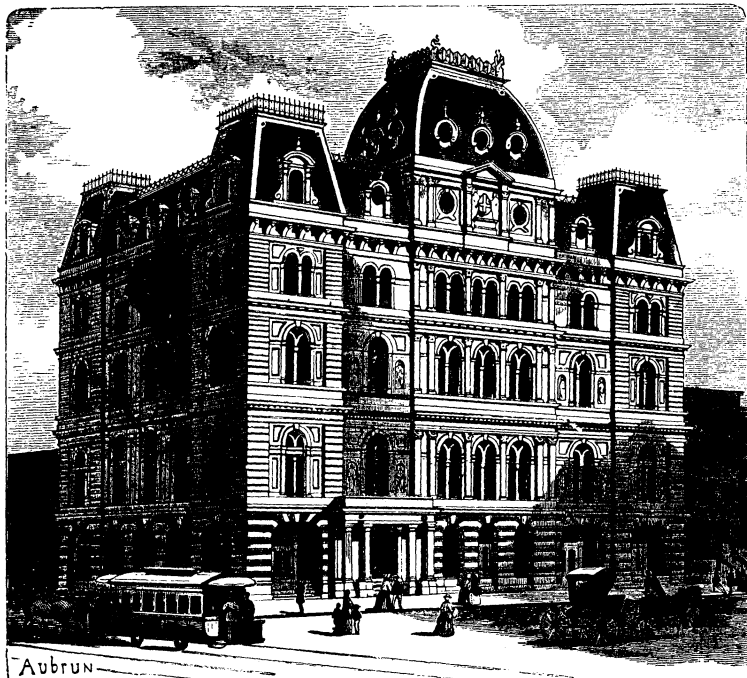


Fifth Avenue Hotel and Hoffman House.

The west side (facing the Hoffman House) states, on the base, the time and occasion of the monument's erection by the corporation, with a laurel-wreath in bronze; and, lettered on the shaft, "Contreras," "Churubusco," "West Point," "Molino del Rey." The east, or Madison-Square side, presents a similar wreath, the inscription "Ducit Amor Patriæ," and "Perote," "Puebla," "Cerro Gordo," "Chapultepec." The base of the rear records the place and time of the birth (Hudson, N. Y., 1794) and death (Texas, 1849) of the illustrious general; with bronze shields and upraised arm, mailed and weaponed, in demi-relief, and the names of "Florida," "Chippewa," "Fort George," and "Lundy's Lane," upon the shaft.

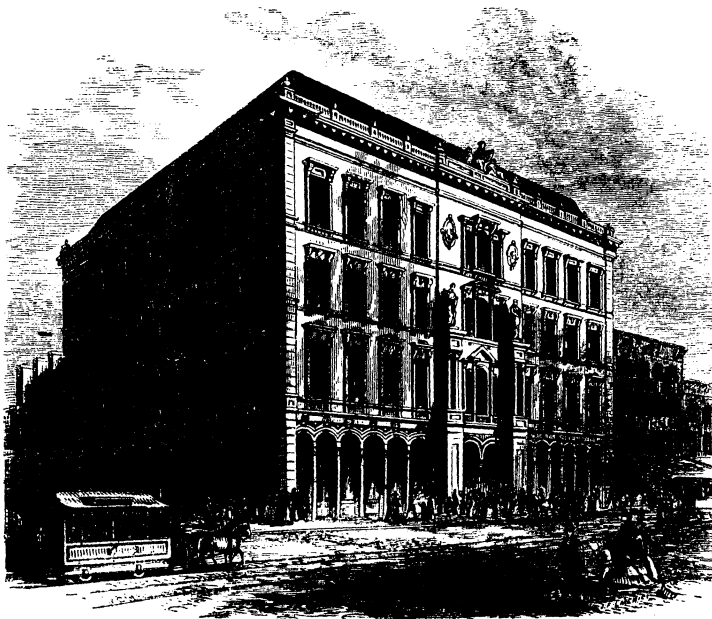


Booth's Theatre, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue.



Masonic Temple, on Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue.

Booth's Theatre, on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, is another of the handsome architectural embellishments of this portion of the city. It is of the Renaissance style, and ninety-four feet high to the cornice of its Mansard roof. The frontage on Twenty-third Street is one hundred and forty-nine feet, and the whole is built of the finest Concord granite. The interior is a model of grace and beauty, and with its statuary,



The Grand Opera-House, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue.



columns, and combination of rich colors and mirrors, and its general arrangements for the accommodation of the public, constitutes, perhaps, the most elegant and complete theatre in the United States.

The new Masonic Hall, on the opposite corner, which was commenced in June, 1870, bids fair to be a grand and imposing structure. It is built of granite, and there is a breadth of treatment in its various parts, and a severe and classical simplicity in its ornamentation, which strongly commend the structure to all lovers of good taste in art. The main entrance, on Twenty-third Street, is through a Doric portico of coupled Doric columns. The first story will be devoted to business purposes. The next story is treated in Ionic style, and will be devoted to the use of the Grand Lodge and its officials. When this body is not in session, however, the grand hall will be rented for lectures and concerts. The third and fourth stories are to be occupied exclusively by lodge and chapter rooms. The Mansard story is to be used by the Knight Templars, and will be the most complete commandery, in all of its arrangements, in existence. It may be of interest to state that the first subscription toward the erection of the building was made several years ago by Edwin Forrest, and that the fund has gone on steadily increasing. The outlay of money will not fall short of a million dollars. The net rental is to be devoted entirely to the support of the widows and orphans of masons.

On the corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue may be seen the handsome edifice known as the Grand Opera-House, and occupied in part by the offices of the Erie Railroad Company. The building has a front of one hundred and thirteen feet on the avenue, and ninety-eight feet on Twenty-third Street. The main entrance to the theatre is twenty-one feet wide, but the theatre proper is a rear building, the approach to which is through



The "Stevens House," corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Broadway to Fifth Avenue.



Church of the Transfiguration, Twenty-ninth Street near Fifth Avenue.

a spacious passage or vestibule eighty feet long. A praiseworthy feature of this popular place of amusement is the ease with which an audience may escape from it in case of fire, there being no less than seven accessible exits to the street.

Returning to Broadway, the visitor will be attracted by the unique and beautiful structure on the corner of Twenty-seventh Street, known as "The Stevens House." This was built by the late Mr. Paran Stevens, the well-known hotel-keeper, so long connected with the Revere House in Boston, the Continental in Philadelphia, and the Fifth Avenue of New York. It was his object to supply a want felt in all large cities by small families of



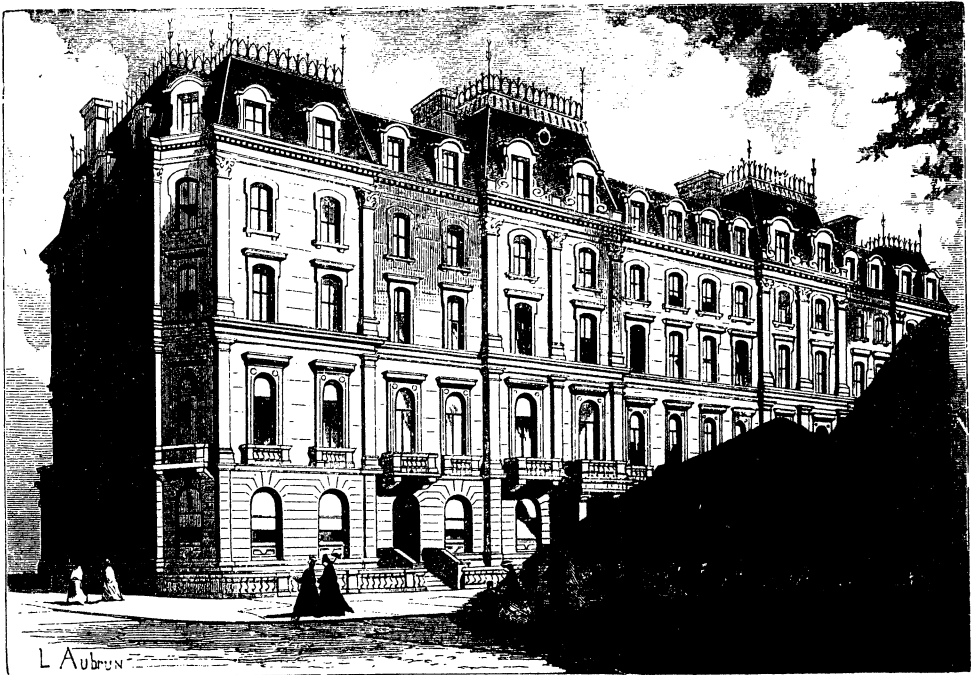
Mr. A. T. Stewart's Residence, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street.



Reservoir and Rutgers Institute.

means, but who do not choose to maintain expensive establishments, and most happily has this edifice been planned with that view. Each floor is composed of various suites of rooms, wherein there are all the accommodations for house-keeping, and elevators make it a matter of indifference to the lodger, so far as fatigue is concerned, whether he be on the first floor or the seventh. The exterior of the building is elegant; it is, indeed, the most truly picturesque architectural pile in the city.

We now pass on to Fifth Avenue, where, near the corner of Twenty-ninth Street, we shall have a glance at the Church of the Transfiguration, or, as it is now more popularly known, "The little church around the corner,"



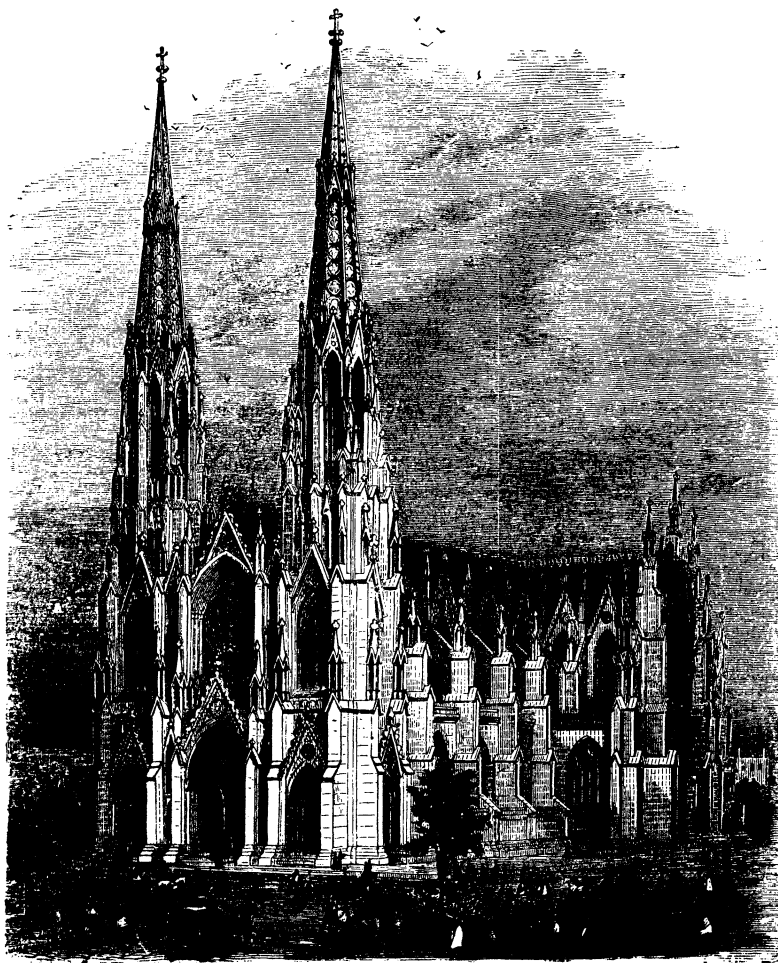
Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street.

a name bestowed upon it by a neighboring clergyman, who, refusing to bury an actor from his own church, referred the applicant to this. It is more interesting from its quaint irregularity, and air of seclusion, than from any architectural pretensions. With the attendant buildings that have been added from time to time, the church occupies about ten lots.

Farther up the avenue, on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, is the marble palace of Mr. A. T. Stewart—unquestionably the most costly and luxurious private residence on the continent. The reception and drawing rooms, the dining, breakfast, and sleeping rooms, are marvels of beauty and elegance, and have been constructed regardless of expense. Marble enters largely into the composition of this palatial abode, within as well as without, the Corinthian columns in the main hall being valued at from thirty-five hundred to four thousand dollars. The total cost of the building is said to have been upward of two million dollars.

We are now in the region of an almost unbroken line of architectural beauty, elegant churches and mansions abound, and the wonderful changes that are taking place in the upper portion of New York are written on every side. Between Forty-first and Forty-second Streets, on Fifth Avenue—"Murray Hill" as it is known—is the Distributing Reservoir of the Croton Water Works. Its walls are of massive masonry, and in the Egyptian style of architecture. It is visible on the right of the picture. Immediately opposite is the Rutgers Female College, occupying a series of buildings originally erected for dwellings. It is a flourishing and excellent institution.

The new Jewish Synagogue, on the avenue, in the immediate neighborhood, is worthy of study as the purest



Roman Catholic Cathedral (now erecting), on Fifth Avenue

example of the Moresque style of architecture in this country. It is attractive without, by reason of its unusual ornamentation, and is wonderfully beautiful within.

An illustration of a very handsome block of Caen-stone residences recently erected on Fifth Avenue, just before the visitor reaches Central Park, is given in one of the accompanying pictures. The style is simple, yet the general effect is one that elicits only the most favorable criticisms.

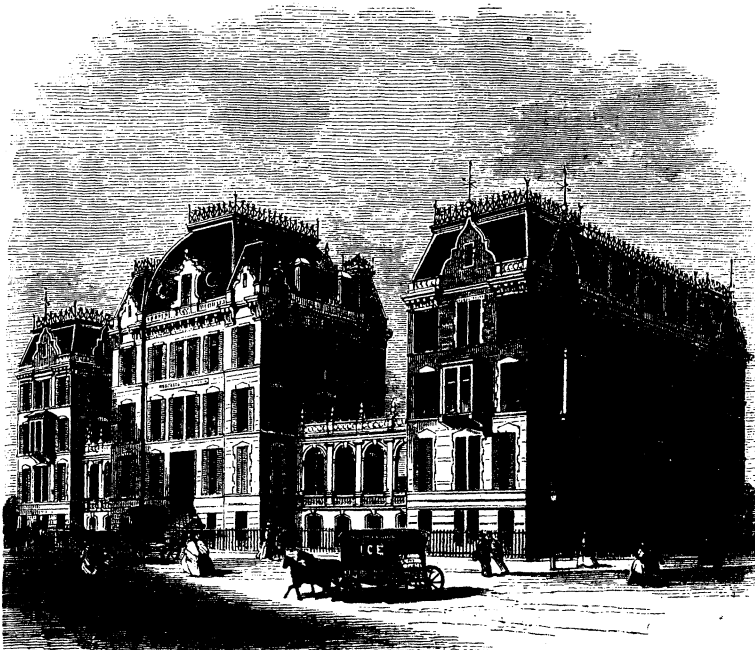
While in this vicinity, the observer will see the rising walls of what is destined to be perhaps the most magnificent ecclesiastical building in the New World—St. Patrick's Cathedral. The structure was begun in 1858, and occupies the most elevated site on Fifth Avenue. A stratum of solid rock supports the foundation, and above the granite base-course the material is a white marble. The style of the building is Gothic—that which prevailed in Europe from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the close of the fourteenth, and will, it is said, preserve a judicious mean between the heaviness of the latter period and the over-elaboration of later times. Judging from the picture, the building would seem to have been modelled after the famous Cathedral of Cologne, although there are also fine and correct examples of the same order of architecture in Rheims and Amiens. The decorations on the Fifth Avenue front will be unsurpassed. There will be a tower and spire on each corner, each measuring three hundred and twenty-eight feet from the ground to the summit of the cross, and these will be ornamented with buttresses, niches with statues, and pinnacles, so arranged as to disguise the change from the square form of the tower to the octagon shape of the steeples.

The Mount Sinai Hospital, on Lexington Avenue, between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets, is worthy of a visit while in this locality. The buildings are of the Elizabethan style of architecture, and are faced with brick and marble trimmings. The institution is one of the most complete of its kind in the metropolis, and embodies all the improvements of modern art in its interior arrangements for the comfort of patients. The cost of the hospital was about three hundred and forty thousand dollars.

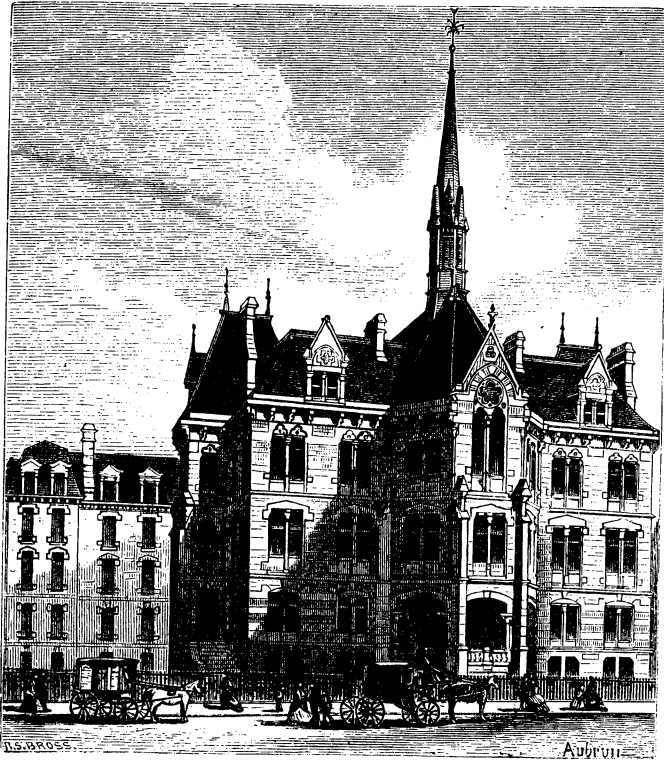
We are now in a neighborhood where, turning the eye in almost any direction, it will rest on the towers, domes, and stately proportions, of numerous public and private edifices.

Prominent among these on Seventieth Street will be observed the Lenox Hospital, a noble charity, represented by one of the handsomest structures of the kind in New York, consisting of a central building and two imposing wings of corresponding character, but one of which is given in our illustration.

A few steps carry us to Fifth Avenue, between Seventieth and Seventy-first Streets, where the Lenox Library—a munificent gift to the citizens of New York by Mr. William Lenox—is in process of construction. The modern French style of architecture has been adopted, and the entire exterior of the edifice is to have a unique and



Mount Sinai Hospital, Sixty sixth Street.



The Lenox Hospital.

impressive appearance. It will contain a museum, picture-gallery, and large selections of books and antiquities, which will be open to the public without charge. The cost of the building when ready for occupation will be about five hundred thousand dollars. Public lectures are to be delivered upon useful subjects of science, literature, history, and the fine arts; and it is the design of the generous founder to supply to the citizens of the upper portion of the island a source of pleasure and improvement similar to that which has for many years been enjoyed by those who reside down-town in the vicinity of the Astor Library.

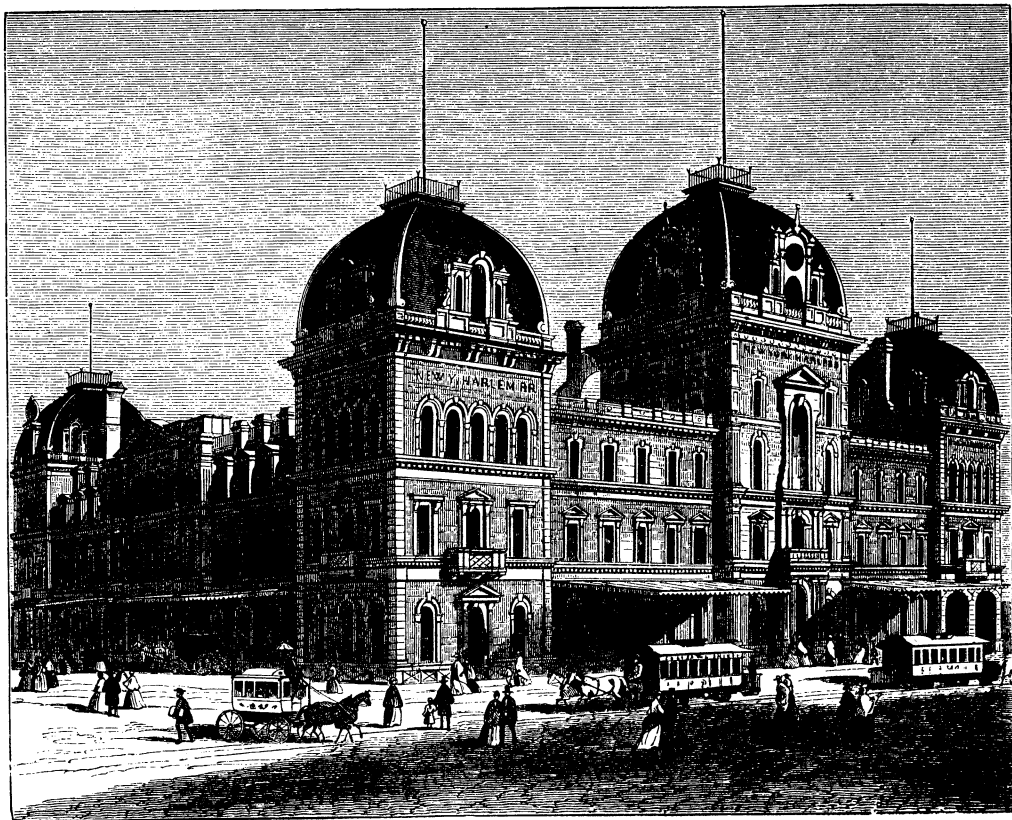
Crossing over to Sixty-eighth Street, and near Fourth Avenue, we shall see also in course of construction (1872) the "Old Ladies' Home of the Baptist Church." The ground runs through the entire block, and has a front of one hundred and twenty-five feet. The building, when complete, will be five stories in height, arranged in the form of the letter H, and will be crowned with a Mansard roof, with towers. The style of architecture is semi-Gothic.

Near Third Avenue, on Seventy-seventh Street, is an interesting institution, known as the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and Industrial School. Boys and girls are here learned trades of various kinds, prominent among which is that of a printer.

Still moving toward the upper end of the island, we shall find yet another in the chain of eleemosynary institutions, located on the corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-ninth Street, one block from Central Park. This is St. Luke's Home for Indigent Females—a handsome four-story building, with a Mansard roof and three towers. The style is mediæval Gothic, the materials of construction being Philadelphia pressed brick, trimmed with Buena-Vista stone.

On the adjoining ground is being erected the "Church of the Beloved Disciple"—the prominent feature of which will be its tower. This will be one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, and command a view as far as the eye can reach in every direction, including the Sound, Hudson River, the bay, and harbor.

We may now temporarily retrace our steps, and, by way of Madison Avenue, which vies in its beautiful residences with its older sister the Fifth Avenue, reach the Grand Central Depot at Forty-second Street. This is considered as the greatest representative work in America of the peculiar type to which it belongs. Its exterior



Grand Central Depot.

is imposing, and its immense size and regularity give it a marked prominence in a city where there is so much architectural discord. Approaching from Fifth Avenue, the eye is first caught by the great towers and then by the main or western façade. The latter is about seven hundred feet in length, and, when seen by moonlight, reminds the traveller strongly of the Tuileries in Paris. Within, every thing is spacious, liberal, and well arranged. The waiting and baggage rooms and offices are commodious; while, stepping out into the great car-house, we can feel but one sentiment—unmingled admiration for the skill which has spanned three acres with one magnificent arched roof. Trains are arriving or departing at nearly all hours of the day, and the scene is full of genuine American activity.

Passing down to Thirty-fourth Street, we come upon Park Avenue—a select and elegant locality, and one of the healthiest portions of the city. The avenue arches the tunnel of the Harlem River and New York & New Haven Railroads, but little or no inconvenience is experienced from the passing trains, since the noise is almost entirely deadened by the thick crust of rock and earth. At regular intervals in the centre of the avenue, are neatly-railed enclosures of green sod, with a grated aperture through which light is admitted and ventilation supplied to the subterranean passage.

On the northwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue is the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, formerly under the pastoral care of Dr. Osgood, and more recently of the Rev. Mr. Hepworth.

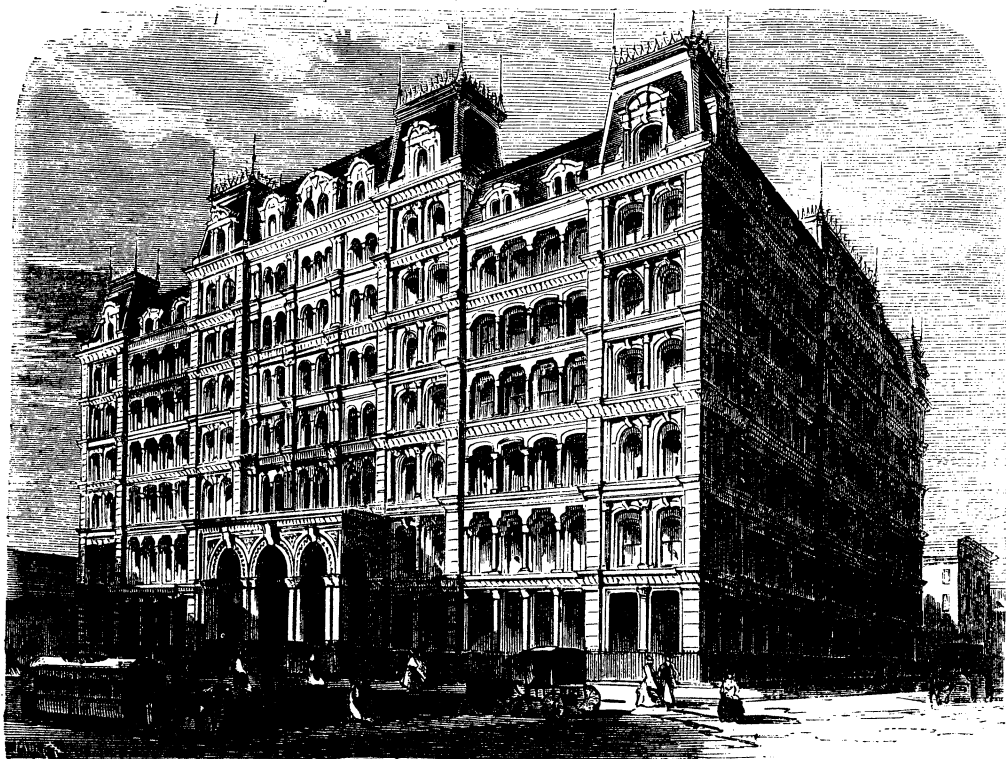
Occupying the adjoining block is the larger and more elaborate Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, built in the Lombardo-Gothic style of architecture, and worthy of the attention of the student in that branch of art. The material employed in its external construction is a rich gray-stone.

As we journey down-townward, the magnificent iron pile on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second Street will not fail to attract the eye. It covers nearly an entire block, and is intended by Mr. A. T. Stewart, by whose munificence the building is being erected, as a home for working-women.





Park Avenue.



Stewart's Hotel for Working-women, Fourth Avenue and Thirty-second Street.





Young Men's Christian Association Building, and Academy of Design, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue.

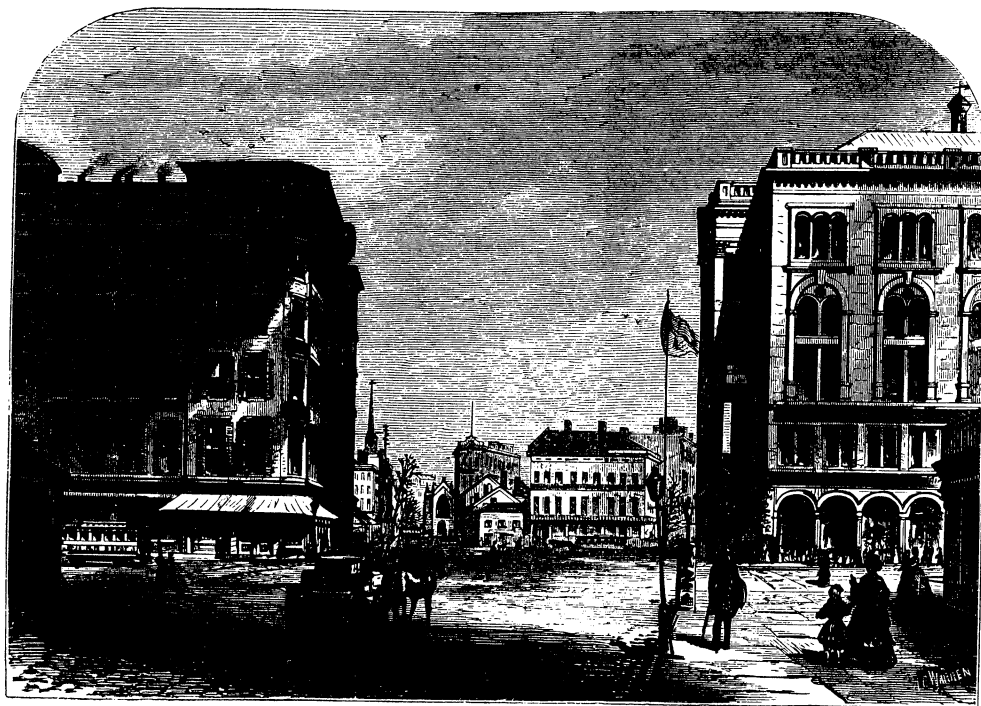
Situated on the northwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street is one of the most peculiar-looking edifices in the metropolis—the National Academy of Design. The plan of the exterior was copied from a famous palace in Venice, and the artistically-blended colors from basement to roof are in pleasing contrast to the brown-stone façades which abound in the vicinity. The edifice has a front of eighty feet on Twenty-third Street, and of ninety-eight feet and nine inches on Fourth Avenue. The double flight of steps leading to the main entrance has been skilfully made a part of the general ornamental design, and, with its beautiful carvings and drinking-fountain beneath, is radiant with unique embellishments. The walls of the lower story are of gray marble, marked with intervening lines of North River blue-stone, and the entire elevation is thus variegated in blue, gray, and white. Within, the decorations are correspondingly beautiful. The grand staircase is wide, massive, and imposing in effect, the vestibule having an ornamental pavement of variegated marbles, with wood-work oiled and polished so as to show its natural color and grain. The exhibition-galleries occupy the whole of the third story, which is lighted from the roof. On the second floor is a lecture-room, and other apartments—the latter being finished like the parlors of a first-class house. The cost of the building was one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

Directly opposite the Academy of Design, on the southwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, a highly-ornamental structure to this part of the city. It divides the honors of being among the finest specimens of the Renaissance style of architecture in the metropolis. The roof is of the steep Mansard pattern, presenting towers of equal height at each corner of the building, and a large tower (windowed) over the entrance on Twenty-third Street. The material is New Jersey brown-stone and the yellowish marble from Ohio, in almost equal parts, the latter composing the decorative portion. The building contains twenty-five apartments, including gymnasium, library, lecture-rooms, offices, etc.

We may now enter the Fourth-Avenue cars and ride as far as Eighth Street, where it will be worth while to notice the Cooper Institute and Bible-House, somewhat more in detail than when we were last upon the spot (see page 15). The former is a noble brown-stone edifice, standing at the head of the Bowery, where the little cape of greenery splits it, upon one side into Third, and on the other into Fourth Avenue.

It was erected by Mr. Peter Cooper, of New York, for the moral, intellectual, and physical improvement of his countrymen. The basement is almost entirely taken up by the large hall, or lecture-room, wherein have been held hundreds of political mass-meetings, and which has echoed to the eloquence of the magnates of almost every political faith. The ground-floor is occupied by stores and offices, and the Institute proper, or the "Union," commences with the third story. This story contains an exhibition-room one hundred and twenty-five feet long by eighty-two broad. The fourth story is a system of galleries, and with alcoves for works of art. Two large lecture-rooms and the library occupy the fifth story. The library is entirely free, is an excellent one, and, with its reading-room, has been productive of great good among all classes of the community. The building cost about three hundred thousand dollars, and the annual income from the rented parts is nearly thirty thousand.

While in this neighborhood, we must spare time to consider the Bible-House, which stands immediately opposite the Cooper Union, on Eighth Street. This mammoth structure by far the largest of its kind in the world,



Bible-House and Cooper Union, Eighth Street, corner of Fourth Avenue.

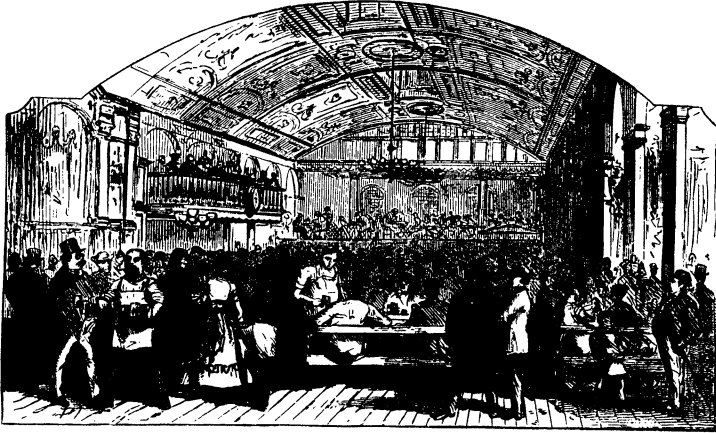
occupies three acres of ground, being the entire block bounded by Eighth and Ninth Streets, and Third and Fourth Avenues. Somewhat triangular in form, it fronts one hundred and ninety-eight feet on Fourth Avenue, ninety-six on Third Avenue, two hundred and two on Eighth Street, and two hundred and thirty-two on Ninth Street. It is built of red brick, with stone facings, and cost something over three hundred thousand dollars. A large portion of the interior is divided into offices, the ground-floor being occupied by shops and stores; and the rest is devoted, by the Society, to the publishing of bibles. They have printed the Scriptures in twenty-four different dialects, and distributed hundreds of thousands of copies in every part of the United States, supplying prisons, jails, and other institutions for the reformation or punishment of crime, with thousands of copies gratuitously, and have undoubtedly effected much good. The receipts of the Society since the year of its organization (1816) have been between five and six million dollars. About six hundred and twenty-five persons are employed in the Bible-House when in full operation, and the various printing, press, and book-binding departments are yearly visited by hundreds of strangers.

### THE BOWERY.

If old Governor Petrus Stuyvesant could stand here in the heart of his once great "Bowerie Farm," and see how it has been cut up into streets, covered by hundreds of stores, dwelling-houses, churches, and schools, and peopled by thousands of men and women, representing every civilized nation on the globe, he would scarce believe his senses. And, doubtless, he would not be complimented in finding the name of his quiet old homestead bestowed upon a locality which, in certain of its phases, has no compeer in or around New York.

What Broadway is to the west side, the Bowery is to the east, only it is the grand boulevard of the working-classes. If its shops are not brilliant, they are various in both character and contents. The ambition to erect brown-stone fronts, however, has not yet become an epidemic, and in their place is a display of bright colors, gay flags, fancy signs, and huge promises alphabetically distorted, that bespeak those humble beginnings of trade which, before now, have ended in a home on the aristocratic avenues up-town.

As you move down the broad street, watching the thousands who are in motion on the sidewalk, or the hundreds who are passing to and fro on the several railways, you will also observe, here and there, some fine business buildings, savings-banks, stores, etc., but the great majority of establishments is composed of corner groceries, cheap dry and fancy goods, and old-clo' shops, filled in with a liberal sprinkling of pawnbrokers, cigar-stands,



Bowery Music-Hall.

and small hucksters of every conceivable article of merchandise that is inexpensive. The second, third, and fourth stories of these houses are generally tenanted by as many individuals as can be conveniently packed together without suffocation.

A peculiar feature of the Bowery is the bier-gardens, or music-halls, one of which is illustrated in the accompanying sketch. These nightly attract large numbers of Germans of both sexes; and between the music, the multitudes sitting at the little tables talking over their Rhine wine or beer; the waiters running to and fro, frantically clutching the handles of a dozen glasses at once; the glare of lights; and the aroma of a thousand pipes or cigars, the scene, to a stranger, is inconceivably picturesque and animating. The music is generally good, and the order observed by the promiscuous assemblage is characteristic of the German people.

Near one of the largest of these music-halls—the Atlantic Garden—is the Old Bowery Theatre, a place famous in the history of New York, a generation or two ago, when the *gamins* of the street were the kings of the pit. The “blood-and-thunder” style of drama still divides, with the spectacular, the honors of the place; and the criticisms of the performance, albeit they are now shouted from the gallery instead of the parquette, are just as unique and original as in the palmiest days of the Bowery drama.

The theatre occupies the site upon which three others have been successively burned and rebuilt. The present structure is of the Doric order of architecture, and, with its huge columnar front, presents an imposing appearance. The Old Bowery is always worth a visit, if for no other purpose than to see and hear an audience thoroughly representative of this side of the town.

Passing on, we soon cross Chat-ham Square—a broad, spacious place at the summit of a hill where con-



Old Bowery Theatre.

verge several streets—and enter Chatham Street, the vestibule, so to speak, of a neighborhood once disgraceful for its abominations, but now happily undergoing some change for the better.

The throng is as motley as any which inspired the pen of Dickens or the pencil of Hogarth, but it is to be seen in its most characteristic phases at dusk, when the shop girls and boys, and the work-people generally, are returning from their various employments; and after dark, when Vice comes from its hiding-places, to hold high carnival and prey on whatever object of plunder may first present itself. Many of the houses wear a forbidding aspect, and frowsy-looking women and children are peering from the upper windows, or dodging in and out of narrow door-ways. Cheap shops abound, in the rear of which live the humble proprietor and his family, and, if there be an earthly paradise of old-clo' dealers, pawnbrokers, and concert-saloons, the visitor will surely find it in this locality. Still, the hand of improvement is visible at various points along the street, and the tall and comely-looking stores that have been erected during the past ten years give evidence of progress that is destined to result in the most advantageous changes for the people who inhabit this portion of the metropolis.

A glance down Mulberry, Pearl, and others of the streets that branch off from Chatham Street, will give you a view of the vice-infected localities, such as once made the Five Points infamous. Here may yet be seen some of the vile dens, wherein have occurred the bloodiest and most sickening scenes of metropolitan life—holes and cellars rank with poisoned atmosphere, and rum-shops and brothels, in which black and white of both sexes promiscuously congregate for a night of debauch or crime. It is neighborhoods like these that have given birth to a generation of boys and girls who are growing up for the penitentiary and the gallows.

The tenement-house, with its filthy apartments, here rises in all of its nasty proportions from five to eight stories in height, to breed disease wherever its tainted air can penetrate. Let us stop a moment, to observe the surroundings.

The narrow street or alley reaching between the high walls of windows, dirtily tiered one row above the other, is more like a tunnel than a thoroughfare. It is but a stray gleam of sunshine that ever glances its way down these dingy walls to the reeking area below; yet little children are playing in it—tossing oyster-shells, and throwing stones at a dead kitten; women are gathering about the fish-cart, for fish, often of questionable freshness, is ever in demand in these localities; and groups of men and women are loud in discussion of topics pertinent to the place.

All of the tiers of windows that are not broken are dirty. Here and there a slovenly woman lolls lazily out, gazing listlessly, or swearing at a child that may be going beyond the limits of parental instructions on the curb of the street.

Stretched across the narrow, tunnel-like lane, are lines of ragged, clean-washed clothes hung out to dry, but they by no means remind the beholder of the "groves"



Tenement-Houses.

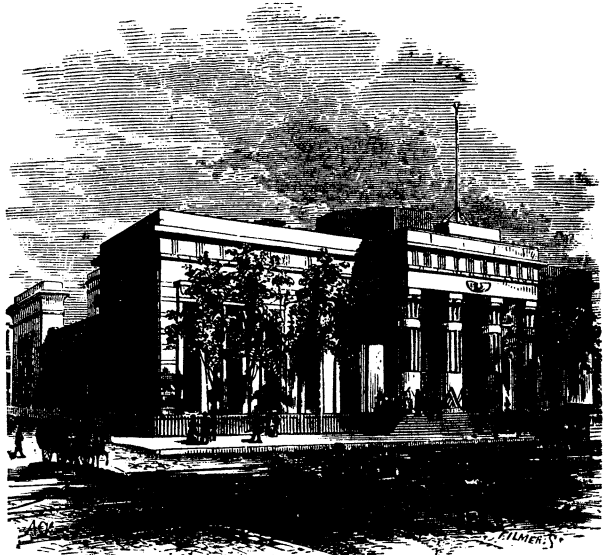
wherein John Chivery sat and bewailed his unrequited affection for Little Dorrit. A fire-escape ladder connects every story, but even this does not prevent the yearly record of death in the flames that come suddenly upon the wretched occupants.

The whole system is a vile one, and only time and the growth of trade, blotting out step by step these eyesores on the body politic, can supply the remedy. It is not uncommon for curious strangers, guided by a policeman, to visit these places at midnight, and view the soul-harrowing pictures of poverty and crime that are to be seen on every side. Within twenty years, however, a vast improvement has taken place. Street-railroads, factories, and the blue-coated representatives of "law and order," have thinned out the former "barracks," as they were aptly called; Five Points and Cow Bay have lost much of their peculiar glory, and it is to be hoped that another generation will finish the work of reform.

A short walk carries the visitor to Centre Street and the Tombs, famous in the criminal history of New York, and a place wherein may be seen, at any time, the worst specimens of humanity with which metropolitan law has to deal. The building is of granite, and the architect doubtless intended to preserve some of the features of an Egyptian temple. There is certainly an individuality about its heavy, squat, and general solid character, that commands attention, while its overwhelming portico and pediment, and depressing area of dismal quadrangle, is a masterpiece of what genius may accomplish in the way of gratuitous gloom. Crime comes to preliminary judgment here in a room on the right-hand side as you enter. This is the Tombs Police Court, where, as early as six or seven o'clock each morning, a district justice takes his seat upon the bench to hear what charges may be brought before him, and decide what shall be done with the prisoners. In minor cases, such as drunkenness, disorderly conduct, or vagrancy, this magistrate can order

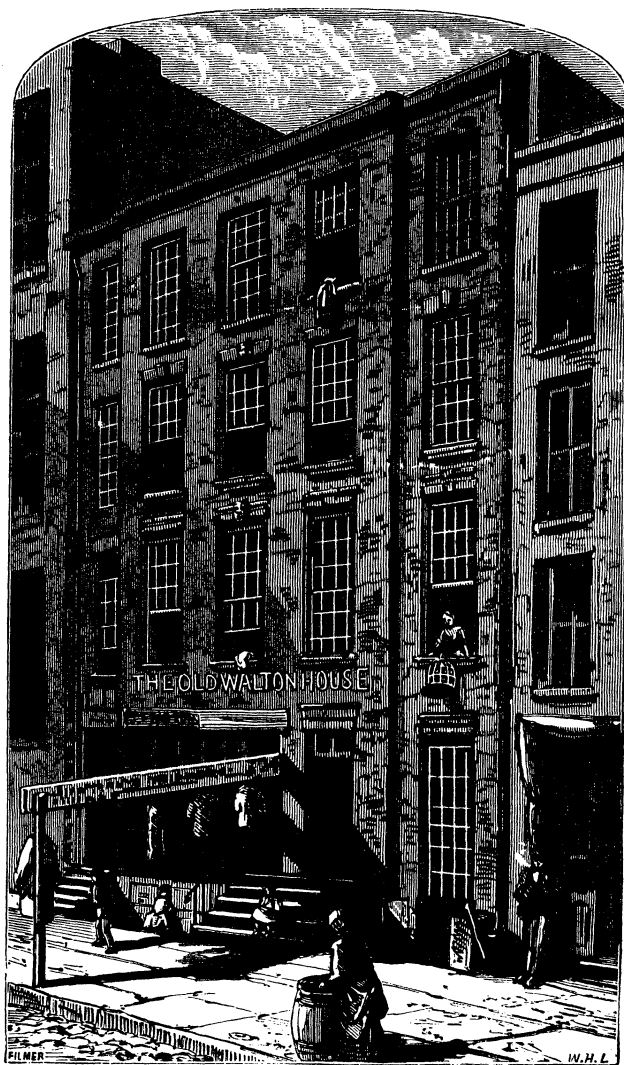
summary fine, commitment, or discharge, at his discretion. Commitments are made to the jurisdiction of several higher courts, but the only one of these in the Tombs building is the Court of Special Sessions. Two justices are supposed to sit together there, and they have to deal with such matters as petty larceny, assault and battery, and certain forms of common misdemeanor. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, they strive to be a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well. As a general thing, experience has rendered them amazingly successful in this endeavor. They have known the dangerous classes so long and intimately, as to enable them, except when influenced by political interest, to be eminently discerning and impartial. A great many culprits go from this court to the cells in the interior of the Tombs. More, however, come there from the Court of General Sessions and the criminal side of the higher courts. The interior arrangements of the jail proper do not materially differ from those usually found in institutions of the kind. There are eleven cells of special strength and security, in which are convicts sentenced to death, or a life in the State Prison; six others, wherein are locked up those guilty of less heinous crimes; and six more used for hospital purposes. There are sixty more cells on the two upper tiers, for those convicted of various degrees of felony. These are on the male side. On the female side are twenty-two cells, and one-half of these are used as temporary receptacles of such cases as go no farther than the Police Court or Special Sessions. Each prisoner costs the county an average of about thirty cents a day for his board. The inner quadrangle, formed by the series of cellular structures, is where the last penalty of the law is put in execution, and where many a wretch has gone to his last account from the gallows-drop. One experiences a relief as he hears the last echo of his footsteps reverberating among the gloomy passages, and resumes his walk in the sunshine.

Before leaving this portion of the city, the visitor may find it interesting to extend his observations to Pearl Street, which, in Revolutionary times, was one of the most aristocratic thoroughfares in the city. There is now little left of the handsome mansions wherein resided, at one period and another, some of the most famous men in American history; but of these the "Walton House" is, perhaps, the most prominent. It is located at No. 326, and was owned and occupied by Admiral Walton, whom the historians describe as "a dispenser of generous hospitality." The architecture is of the simple style peculiar to the early days, but the sculptured designs that yet remain give token of its aristocratic origin, and are not without that interest which ever attaches to things hon-



The Tombs.

orably associated with the past. The house is now tenanted by a number of poor families, and, if it possessed a voice, would doubtless exclaim, "To what base uses have we come at last!"



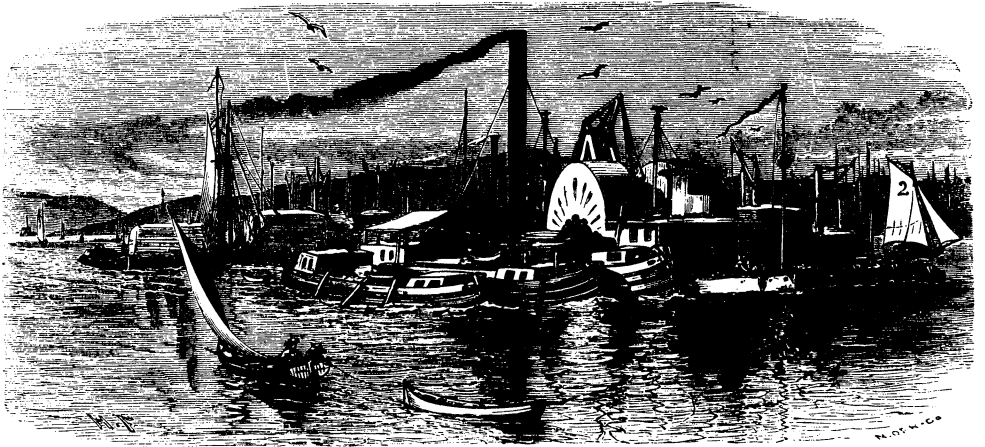
Walton House, Franklin Square, Pearl Street.

### THE WHARVES AND PIERS.

Having thus made a tour through a portion of the interior of the city, and witnessed the evidences of wealth that are displayed on every side, a visit to the water-front, and ramble among the wharves and piers, will convey an idea of the manner in which, through commerce, a large share of these riches has been accumulated.

We shall see no costly or elegant structures, and no massive masonry. New York has grown too fast, and time and money have been too valuable, for men to stop in the midst of their labors to do what has been done in Liverpool and elsewhere, in the construction of monster docks. We shall find dilapidation and dirt, and crazy wharves, here and there reaching out into the stream, with the tide ebbing and flowing among the rotten piles. Still the scenes in the vicinity will be found generally animated and picturesque.

We will start, for instance, on the North River side, say at the foot of Fifty-ninth Street, the southern bound-



North River Flotilla.

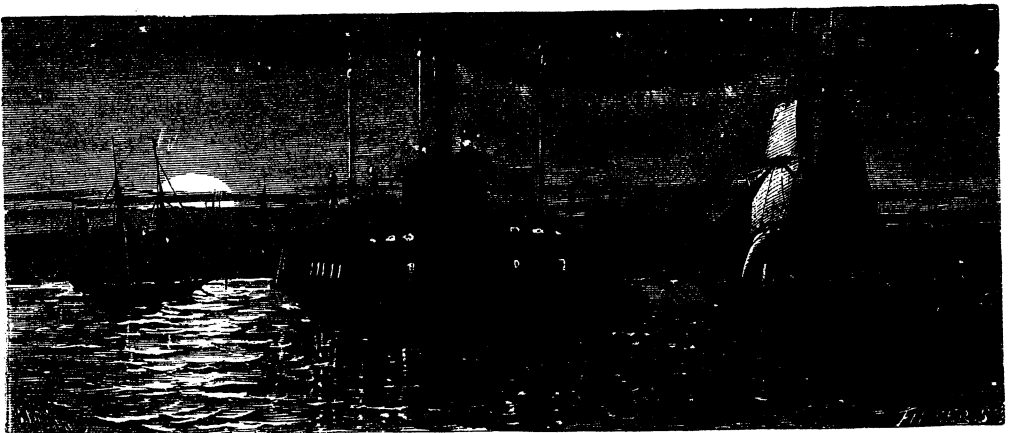
dary of Central Park. Looking up the river we shall enjoy a lovely vista—the Hudson coursing between the tall green banks on either side, and lined with villas and villages as far as the eye can reach. Perhaps one or more flotillas or barges, almost hiding from view the doughty steamer by which they are being towed to market, are coming slowly down with their loads of provisions for the hungry million. Sloops and schooners, freighted with bricks, lumber, and produce, are sailing up and down the noble stream, while yonder the graceful yachts skim the water or disappear among the shadows of the distant Palisades.

At your feet the cars of the Hudson River Railroad thunder along the edge of its great namesake, and around you the rude hovels of Irish laborers are thrust into every nook and cranny of the brown rocks that afford a foothold for that amount of civilization. They are “squatters” by sufferance, however, and have but a mushroom existence. Like shadows they exist, and

“Like shadows they will depart and leave no trace behind,”

whenever the march of improvement requires their removal.

Passing down toward the city, vast lumber-yards are seen skirting the river; and, reaching the foot of Forty-second Street, we find the ferry-house of the Weehawken Ferry Company, the boats of which connect with the clusters of taverns and lager-bier gardens at the foot of the highlands opposite. It has been the theatre of many a wild scene between the police and the “roughs,” when the latter have endeavored to cross early in the morning to engage in their favorite pastime of prize-fighting. It was from this point, or near it, that Alexander Hamilton went to engage in the fatal duel with Aaron Burr on the shores beyond.



Ferry-Boat at Night.

Still farther on our way we enter the region of "ten thousand well-defined and separate smells"—a neighborhood from which gas-houses, soap-boilers, fat-triers, and other public necessities of like ilk, send forth a simoom of olfactory unpleasantness, much to the distaste of the neighborhood.

A word now, more in detail, about the piers and wharves *en route*.

Nearly one-half of them are in an intolerably dilapidated and filthy condition. A long promontory of swaying, half-rotted piles, green and black with the ooze of the sewers and the laving of the tides; a dead dog or two, and other carrion, swirling at their base, with decayed vegetables tossed from passing vessels; a tub-like sloop endeavoring to discharge her cargo as well as the insecure planking will permit; two or three ragged boys—"wharf-mice" will probably best describe them, since the other rodent compound is mostly applied to wretches of a larger growth—fishing off the half-sunken canal-boat at the end of the unsightly structure; such a picture will answer for more than one-half of the almost worthless wharves and piers extending as low down as the foot of Christopher Street—and there are not a few below that point that are equally as bad. Fortunately, a commission has recently been appointed, which is now maturing its plans for a thorough reconstruction of our piers and wharves, and in a few years New York, in this particular, will present a very different aspect from what it does now.

The large open space, or slip, at the foot of Christopher Street—the principal terminus of the Hoboken Ferry line—affords an agreeable change; and we have also reached one of the most novel water-scenes presented by the metropolis to the visitor from the interior—the oyster-boats. Water-shops will probably more clearly describe them, as they are presented to the reader in our excellent delineation.

It is here that the trade in the luscious bivalves chiefly centres, and during the winter months there is not a more lively scene along the water-front of the metropolis than that which is presented by the thousands of oystermen passing to and fro in the delivery of this sea-fruit to the restaurants of the city and the various railroad-depots. Oysters are brought from Virginia, and planted for growth in great beds along the Sound, in Prince's Bay, Raritan River, Shrewsbury, and other well-known places, which give a peculiar flavor to the food, and make of it, in the eyes of the customer, a specialty. Oysters of a native growth also abound, and are favorites with the public. Many colossal fortunes have been made in this trade.

Continuing our stroll farther down—with teeming, bustling quays to our right, with many a proud steamship loading or unloading at their verge, and so many bar-rooms and oyster-saloons to our left that one would wonder how they managed to pay expenses, were it not for the jostling traffic in the street and the perpetual stream of life along the sidewalk—we soon reach the fine dock of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, at the foot of Canal and Desbrosses Streets, where is also located the bridge of the Desbrosses Street branch of the New Jersey Railroad ferry-boats.



Oyster-Boats.





Washington Market—Outside Street-Scene.

A few minutes' walk carries us fairly into the heart of the great produce-trade, which monopolizes West Street, from Canal Street to the Battery, and most of the intersecting streets as far back as Greenwich Street.

The contrast between this locality and the East River side is very distinct; for, while the latter is chiefly marked by the heavy importations from abroad, the prevailing feature of the North River thoroughfare is its commerce with the rural districts and the Great West. Flour, meal, butter, eggs, cheese, meats, poultry, fish, cram the tall warehouses and rude sheds, teeming at the water's edge to their fullest capacity. Fruit-famed New Jersey pours four-fifths of its products into this lap of distributive commerce; the river-hugging counties above contribute their share; and car-loads come trundling in from the West to feed the perpetually hungry maw of the Empire City.

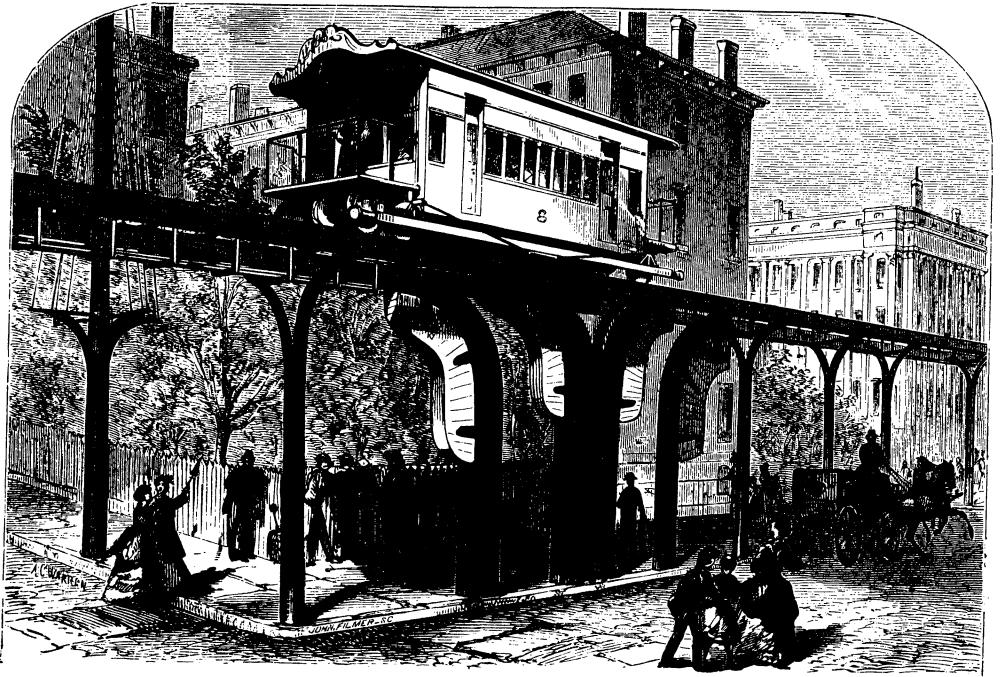
The concentration of this great and stirring trade is to be met with at Washington Market.

This vast wooden structure, with its numerous out-buildings and sheds, is an irregular and unsightly one, but presents a most novel and interesting scene within and without. The sheds are mainly devoted to smaller stands and smaller sales. Women with baskets of fish and tubs of tripe on their heads, lusty butcher-boys lugging halves and quarters of beef or mutton into their carts, pedlars of every description, etc., tend to amuse and bewilder at the same time. Some of the produce dealers and brokers, who occupy the little box-like shanties facing the market from the river, do a business almost as large as any of the neighboring merchants boasting their five-story warehouses.

The interior of the market is well worth visiting, but needs no description at our hands. We walk on, passing the Jersey City ferries and the great freight-depots, reaching the section where the powerful ocean-steamers come into dock. Fifty-two regular liners of ocean steamers have their landings at the North River piers. Passing on, we soon reach the Battery. As we turn into State Street, we see the lower terminus of the Elevated Railway, the latest novelty in the way of locomotion in our city. This railway extends from the Battery to Thirtieth Street, the motive power being an endless rope, propelled by engines built under the sidewalk, at the distance of every half-mile. The cars are so built that no



Washington Market—Interior.



Elevated Railway, Ninth Avenue.

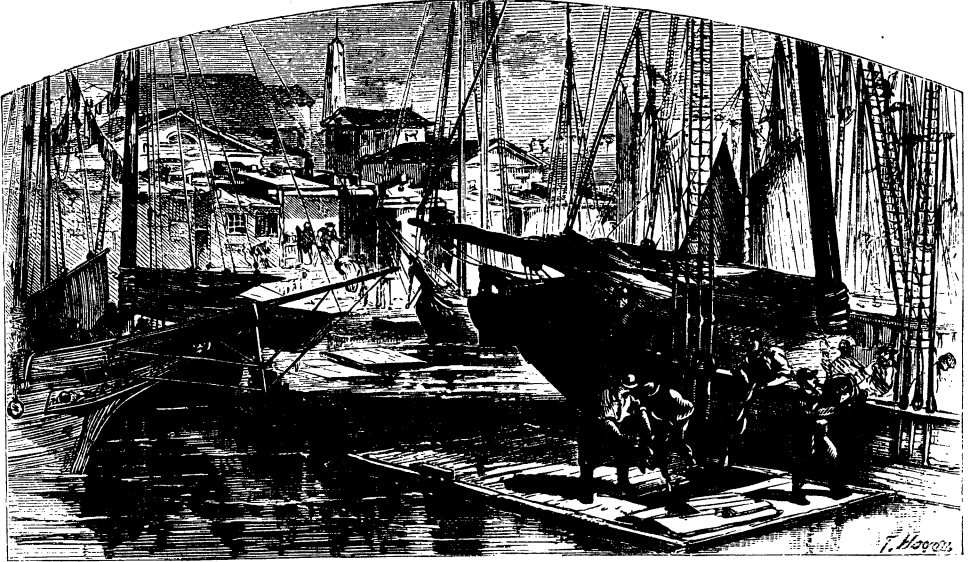
accident can throw them from the track. The road for several months was not in operation, but dummy engines have since been substituted for the endless rope as a motive power.

The first thing that greets us on the East River side is a throng of canal-boats. These are loaded principally with the flour and grain that constitute the traffic of the great Erie Canal centres. A little beyond we find the fleet of ocean merchantmen—East Indianmen, Chinamen, and California clippers—and along the sidewalks, lolling in all the glory of “ye ancient mariner,” the hardy seamen by whom they are manned. The corner rum-shops, shipping-offices, and sailors’ boarding-houses in this neighborhood, are always a temptation to the “old salt,” and the fruits of many a long voyage have here been plundered from him in a night.

Wall Street Ferry passed, with its hurrying crowds of Brooklynites always coming and going—a glance at the fruit-schooners, which bring oranges, bananas, and pineapples, from the West Indies, and we reach Fulton Ferry, and the famous market, similar in many of its details to that which has already been described. Crossing the street, we are in the vicinity of the fast steamers that run up the Sound to Glen Cove, Flushing, Bridgeport, New Haven, and Hartford. We see also a group of lively-looking fishing-smacks, riding at anchor in the water-slip, or discharging their finny treasures at the pier. Some of them are fresh from the fisheries off Barnegat, Long Branch, and the Cholera Banks, and, among the baskets filled with the shiners they have captured from the sea, one may easily distinguish the porgy, the black-fish, the sea-bass, the blue-fish, the Spanish-mackerel (last, but best), and numerous other varieties, which grace the tables of our epicures, and contribute largely to appease the fifteen hundred thousand appetites of New York and its suburbs.

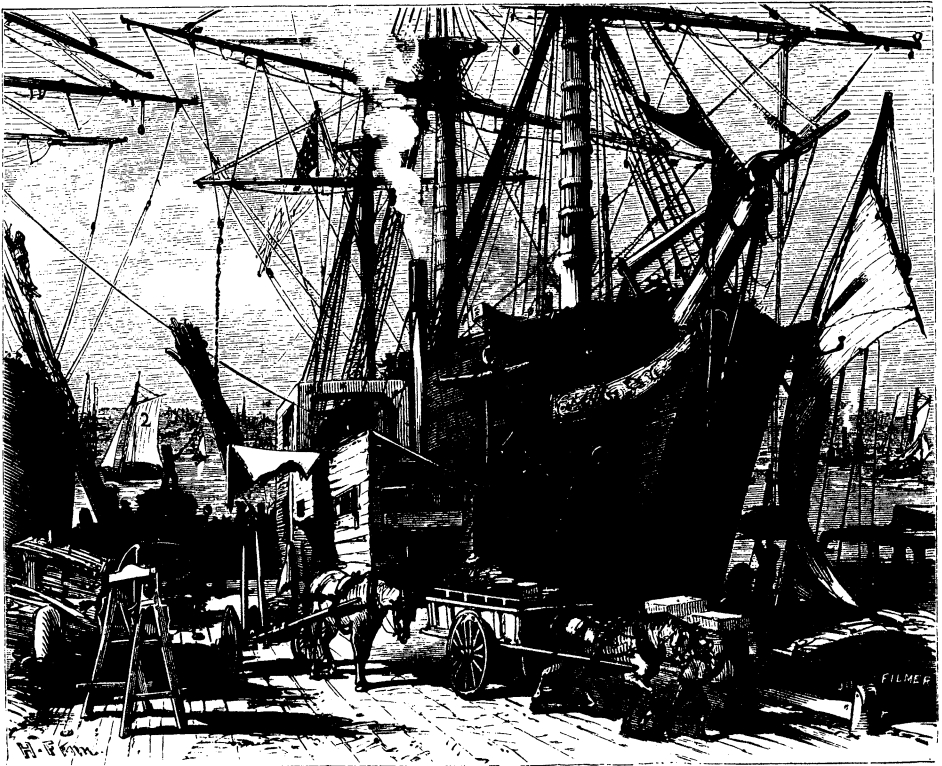
After passing Roosevelt, Hunter’s Point, and Catharine Street Ferries, we are next lost in wonder while contemplating the system of Dry Docks. Marvellously crazy, rotten, twisted, unsightly objects these dry docks are. Great ships are lifted up in them naked and unseemly, while scores of busy workmen, with oakum, and tar, and copper, hang about their green, slimy, water-eaten bottoms. This whipping up a tall ship into these great altitudes is startling; the dock that supports it looks so frail and rickety, while the ship towers so ominously above you. These docks extend many squares, and then we approach the ship-yards. Alas! they are empty. No more the “clamors of clattering hammers” salute the ear. A few “gnarled and crooked cedar knees” lie piled about, a few timbers with idle urchins playing about them, and this is all we see of the great industry that once reared so many goodly vessels “that should laugh at all disaster.” American ship-building has almost passed out of existence, for various reasons. Hurrying by these extensive yards, we draw near the great iron-foundries.

The “Novelty Iron Works” are famous, we believe, everywhere. Not only have there been built here the huge boilers and ponderous engines of many an ocean-steamer, but the iron sides of the steamers themselves have



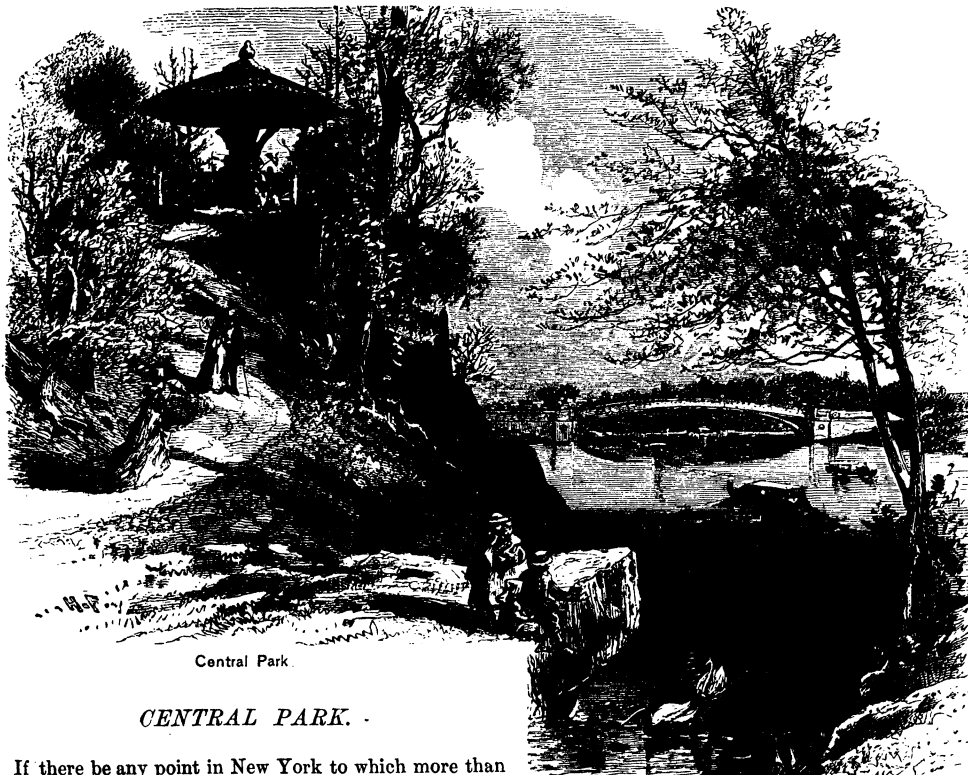
Fishing-Smacks, Fulton Market, Last River.

been fused, and cast, and shaped, and bolted, and built, on this spot. You note your approach to the works by the overflow of superfluous iron-ware. Vast, rusty, propped-up caverns of iron confront you; abandoned boilers, big enough for church-steeple, encumber all the highways; smaller fragments of iron, of manifold mys-



Wharf-Scene

terious shapes, lie piled up on every curb-stone. Then appear the tall walls, the great chimneys, and all the horrible confusion of vast work-yards and work-shops. All about is grimy and repulsive. The mud is black with coal-dust; the pools of water dark and dismal; the low, rotten, wretched houses clustering about, damp and sooty; all the faces, and all the walls, and all the posts, and every object, grimy and soiled; while the distracting din of innumerable hammers, "closing rivets up," unites in rendering the whole scene purgatorial. A great industry, a great power, a great source of wealth, is the iron interest, but the manipulation of that indispensable metal has abundant harsh and discordant features. Beyond the iron-works are more ship-yards, more ferries, more vessels, with wharf-building, lot-filling, dirt-dumping, and what-not—but our journey in this direction must end.



Central Park.

### CENTRAL PARK.

If there be any point in New York to which more than another there can be attached an enduring memory, it is the attractive and picturesque locality known as Central Park. Less than twenty years ago it was a wild, uncouth domain, the salient objects of which were swamps, bowlders, and huge, knotty projections of rocks, forbidding in their aspect, and promising any thing but that wonderful development of beauty which has since become manifest under the skill of the engineer, architect, landscape-gardener, and sculptor. Travellers, who have visited probably every famous park in the world, pronounce eulogiums upon this pride of the American metropolis, which leave no room to doubt that, if it is not already, it will eventually become, the most beautiful spot on earth. Its trees may not possess the grandeur of age, and its shrubbery may not yet have attained the luxuriance to be witnessed elsewhere; but, in its grand proportions—embracing as it does eight hundred and forty-three acres, an area which extends from Fifty-ninth Street to One-hundred-and-tenth—in its exquisite lakes where in summer one may sail in gondolas, and almost be lost among the shady nooks and dells where the swans glide peacefully; in its cosy recesses found by devious paths, its artificial caves, its springs of water flowing from rocks that have been tapped by the rods of modern prophets, its suburban views and villas, its luxurious resting-places for the weary, its rural decorations, its grand lawns and extensive drives on roads that are the perfection of art, its various amusements offered to the public for a mere trifle of expenditure, its bridges, restaurants, towers, tunnels, and sculptured works, surely there can be no place in Christendom more calculated to appeal to that taste for and



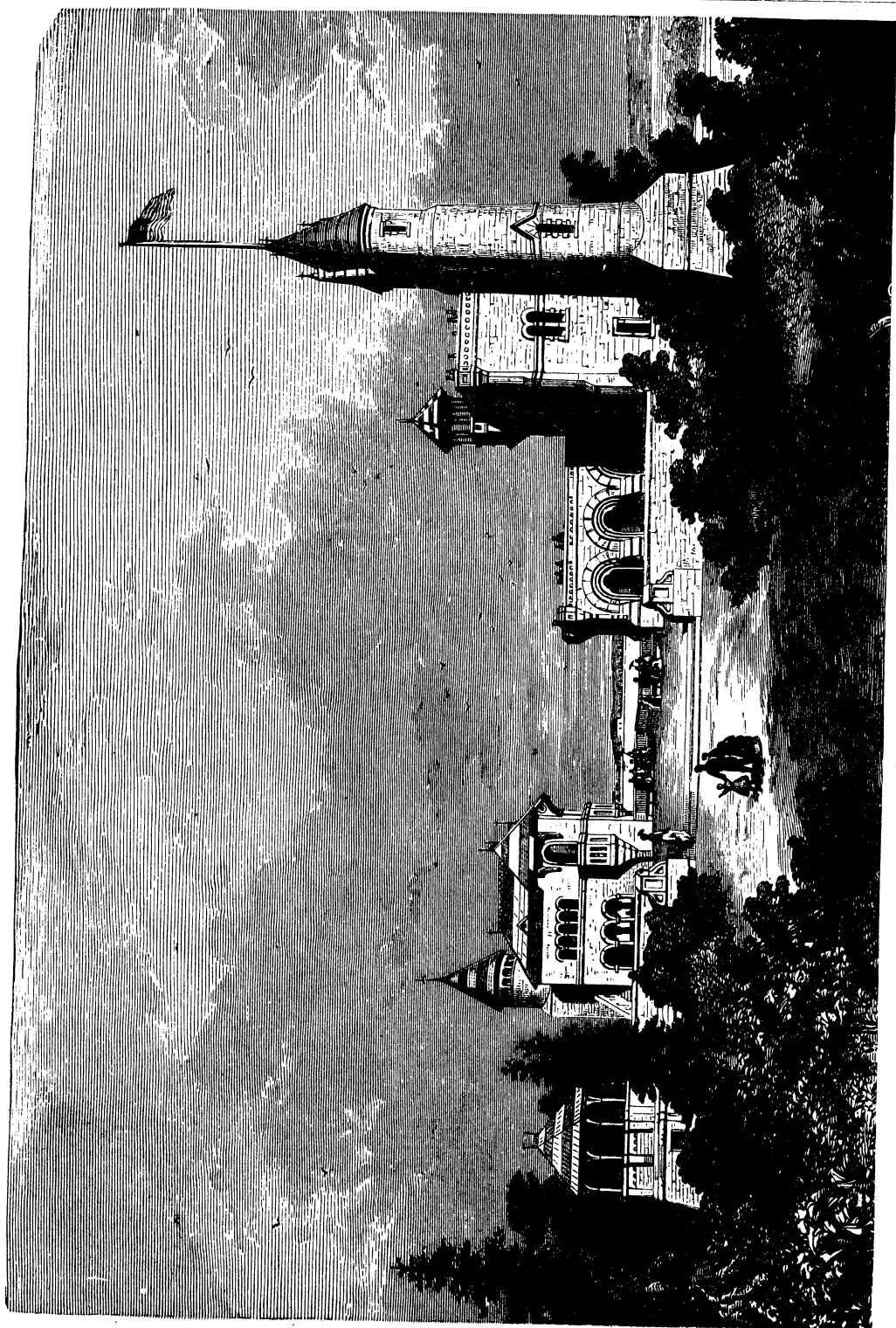
Central-Park Drives.

sympathy with Nature which exist in the hearts of us all.

Visit it at any hour of a pleasant day, and you will find thousands gathered to enjoy their walks or drives. Music lends its enchantment to the spot in the summer, and in the winter the several lakes are given up to the sports of the skaters and curlers. There is, indeed, no nook or corner in the vast reservation that has not been beautified. And every year witnesses some change, some additional improvement. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually expended in this work; and when at last it shall be completed, and it has become a complete treasury of art, science, and natural history, as it now is in part, when the avenues by which it is bounded have been lined with palatial mansions, and grown shadowy with trees, the famed parks of ancient Europe will pale before the beauty and magnificence of that which is even now the wonder and admiration of the civilized world.

Central Park is essentially a democratic place. It was created for the enjoyment of the people, and, when you drive there on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, you will see a brilliant and ever-changing pageant, such as you will not find elsewhere. The most expensive vehicles of the wealthy classes will be mingled with the humbler barouche that has been hired for the occasion by a family pleasure-party, or perhaps you may find yourself side by side with the grocery-wagon of some sturdy German who has brought his *frau* and little ones to enjoy the stirring scene, and is en

route to the lager-bier saloons of the upper-portions of the island. Every thing, in fact, belongs to the living,



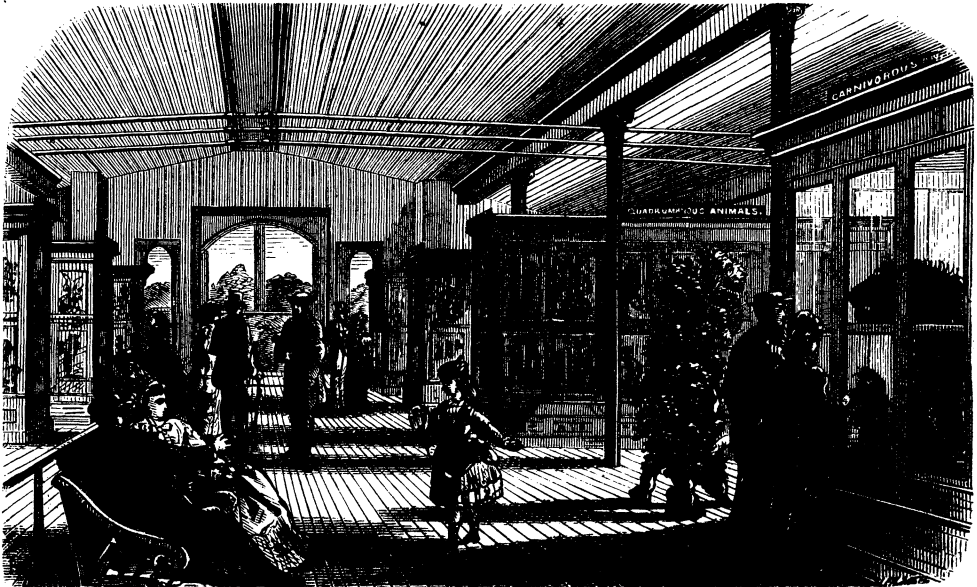
The Belvedere, Central Park.



Menagerie, Central Park.

panorama, from the nurse and baby-wagon to the old-fashioned rockaway of the Westchester farmer, and the *landau* of the *demi-monde*. Fast horses and many of the celebrities of the city are frequent visitors to the Park, and perhaps it is the best of all localities in New York wherein to observe the characteristic phases of out-of-door metropolitan life.

Yet one cannot see the Park to advantage from a carriage-window. You must go on foot. Then you may inspect to advantage the Terrace that leads down to the Lake—its exquisite architectural embroidery and façade.



Museum of Natural History, Central Park.



And you will enjoy the leafy shades of the Ramble, and the Cave—the most picturesque bit in the Park—and the Belvedere, a picture of which accompanies our sketch, whence may be obtained a wide view of this splendid pleasure-ground.

You will also see, in that handsome building near the Fifth Avenue, the Menagerie, with its in-door and out-door collection of wild animals—lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, bears, monkeys, squirrels, opossums, kangaroos, sea-lions, ostriches, camels, and a hundred other curiosities.



Aviary, Central Park.

You will also find a museum of natural history, and an aviary, in which there are some of the finest collections of rare birds and animals that are embraced under any roof in America. This department is always a source of interest. It is yet in its germ, however, although increasing so rapidly that the Park Commissioners have commenced the erection of a larger and more suitable building for the purpose, near the northern extremity.

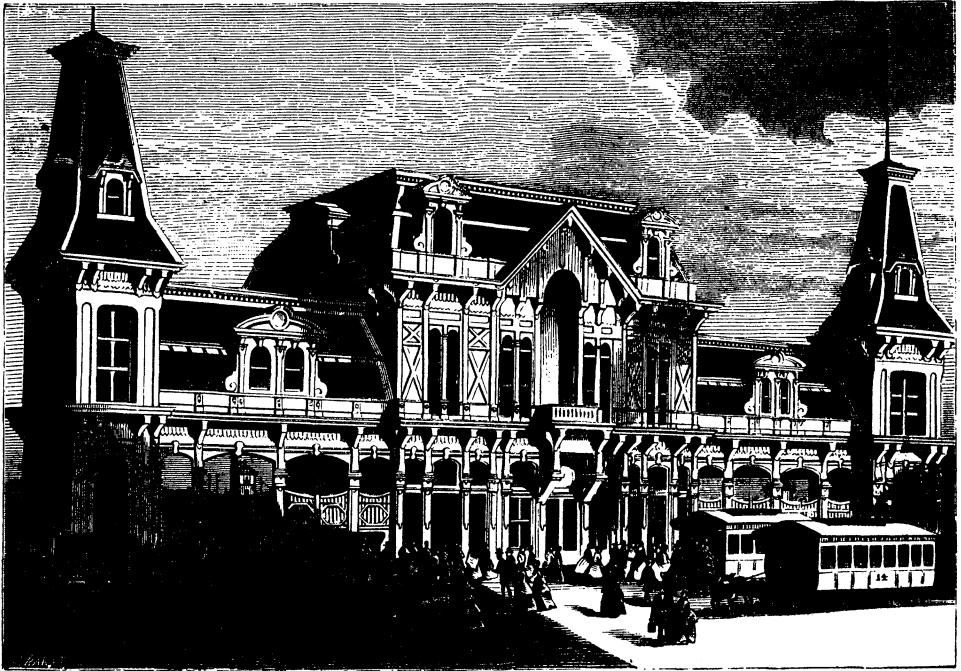
### BROOKLYN.

A day may be well spent in visiting this sister city, for it contains many objects of local and historical significance, to say nothing of the pleasant drives that abound in its suburbs. It is connected with New York by numerous ferries, but that which is most largely thronged is the Fulton Ferry, because the various street-car lines converge at the landing on the Brooklyn side, and thence distribute their passengers to every portion of the city.

In a few years the great bridge, now in course of construction across the East River, will be completed, and then good-by to the present mode of navigation. The monster piers, on either side, are going up, and the floor of the bridge, when laid, will be above the tops of the tallest masts.

Leaving the ferry-house, which is an ornate and representative institution of the kind, as will be indicated by the illustration, the visitor will be tempted to proceed directly to Greenwood Cemetery, the most beautiful "city of the dead" in the world. It is reached by numerous lines of cars and at all seasons of the year, but particularly during the summer, when its undulating surface is covered with verdure, it will be found picturesque and lovely. Many of the monuments are not only expensive, but exquisite in design and execution. A day may be agreeably





Fulton Ferry-House, Brooklyn.

occupied in journeying through the solemn place. The hills of Greenwood were one of the battle-grounds of the Revolution.

An afternoon may also be delightfully spent in driving through Prospect Park. With just pride the Brooklynites claim that this great breathing-spot surpasses in natural advantages its older rival across the river, and there are certainly features of forest and plain, of hill and dale, of rolling ground and extent of scenery, which, with the unbiassed visitor, will entitle it to the palm.

When it is considered that the work of laying out the Park was not commenced until the month of June, 1866, the progress made is surprising. The ground was purchased at an outlay of about four million dollars, and as much more has been expended up to this period (1872). It is estimated that the work will be complete in two years, which will make the total cost of the Park nine million dollars.

The area of ground embraced within its limits covers five hundred and ten acres. The principal entrance, on Flatbush Avenue, known as the Plaza, is paved with Belgian pavement, and ornamented in the centre with a fine fountain, a statue of the late President Lincoln, and bordered by grassy mounds decorated with shrubbery. The "drives" extend over a distance of eight miles, besides which there are three and a half miles of bridle-roads. The pathways and rambles for pedestrians are lined with trees, and amply supplied with drinking-fountains, arbors, and rustic shelters. One meadow alone embraces fifty acres, and in summer its greensward is like an emerald gem. The lake covers an area of sixty-one acres, all of which are in winter allotted for skating.

The highest point—Lookout Carriage Concourse, seven-eighths of an acre in area—is a hundred and eighty-six feet above the ocean-level, and the view from its summit, on a clear day, is unsurpassed. Then can be seen the Highlands of Neversink, Staten Island, the Kill von Kull, Hills of Orange, the Palisades, etc. An observatory of brick and stone is to be erected on this elevation, one hundred feet high.

Elegant resorts are provided for ladies, children, and invalids, where wholesome milk, tea, and other simple refreshments, may be obtained. In short, the Park Commissioners have already succeeded in making the spot attractive to every class of persons, whether as a play-ground for the little ones, or the loitering-place for the lover of the beautiful in Nature and art.

It may be added that there is now in course of construction a grand boulevard, from the park to the ocean, two hundred and ten feet wide, and six miles long.

Within the city proper, a drive through Clinton Avenue will be found charming. It is lined with embowered villas, handsome gardens, and shade-trees.



Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

Washington Park, in this vicinity, formerly known as Fort Greene, is another object of attraction, and the view from its heights is both commanding and beautiful. It is the site of one of the Revolutionary fortifications.

The Navy-Yard, with its great ships and machinery, will naturally induce a visit from those who are not familiar with this department of the public service.

The City Hall, at the junction of Fulton, Court, and Joralemon Streets, is a noble structure, built of white marble, in the Ionic style, with six columns supporting the roof of the portico. It is surmounted by a dome, the top of which is one hundred and fifty-three feet from the ground. It stands in a busy centre, about a mile from Fulton ferry, with the Academy of Music, and other public buildings, near it.

In the same vicinity is a vault which contains thirteen coffins, holding the remains of the ill-fated prisoners of war who died on the terrible prison-ships and were interred on the adjacent shores of the Wallabout. The vault was completed in 1808, when a grand funeral procession, composed of the societies and citizens of New York and Brooklyn, celebrated the event. It was intended to erect a handsome testimonial over the vault, but sixty-four years have elapsed and yet no enduring monument has been raised to the memory of those martyrs for freedom.

Brooklyn is famous as "the City of Churches." It also wears the aspects of a young New York, many of its public buildings and private residences rivalling, in architectural elegance, those of the more ambitious metropolis across the river. On Brooklyn Heights, especially, and many of the streets leading therefrom to the City Hall Square, there is an air of seclusion, wealth, and home comfort, that is irresistibly attractive, while the view down the bay, the stirring scenery of the river, and the pleasant breezes from the ocean, make it a favorite place of resort and residence for all who are fortunate enough to be able to secure a foothold.

City Hall, etc., Brooklyn.





Jones's Wood.

### THE SUBURBS AND VICINITY.

In respect to number, variety, ease, and cheapness of access, the inducements offered to the pleasure or fresh-air seeker of the metropolis are almost unequalled.

Mountain and valley, stream and sea, can be reached in an hour by a pleasant ride or a delightful sail. Game for the huntsman, fish for the angler, gardens for the convivial, splendid watering-places for the rich and fashionable, leafy quiet and green seclusion for the temporary hermit from the world of noisy action—all can be secured with little expenditure and loss of time. And all are eagerly sought, in the proper season, by our own citizens and the thousands of strangers who throng our mammoth hotels, according to the means or inclinations of the votary of pleasure.

Let us first "do" Manhattan Island itself; for, though entirely incorporated in the city of New York, the northern portion possesses enough genuine rusticity to satisfy us during the brief period we may consume in our careless quest. A ride of three-quarters of an hour in the Third Avenue street-cars will bring us to Sixty-eighth Street, at which point rises the handsome iron structure of the railroad company, and, turning to our right, we approach the leafy coast of Lager Bier.

At Sixty-eighth Street, east of First Avenue, commences Jones's Wood, still the favorite picknicking resort of the masses of our German population and others. If it happens to be a day of some great festival, such as the National Sängerfest, or the Schützen Corps, the road, as we approach the entrance to the Park, will be lined with booths, pedlars, mendicants, and execrable street-musicians. Happy Teutons, with varihued ribbons and gilt badges on their coat-flaps, dance hither and thither, glad and good-natured in their "little brief authority."

The throngs pour up the middle of the road and along the earthen sidewalks—men, women, and children, with the irrepressible baby in the arms of the father—and, buying our ticket, or presenting our pass at the gate, we are in the wood, and proceeding up the coolly-shaded paths toward the river-side.

We hear the crack of the marksman's rifle, or the full, deep-throated German chorus, according to the nature of the festival; and the sounding harmonies of two or three brass bands, no matter which it may be.

Then we see the hotel and the great wooden pavilion, overlooking the near-flowing stream. Then we are among the dancing-stands, the beer-booths, the hobby-horse platforms, the lofty swings, the pistol-galleries, the bowling-alleys, and the four or five thousand merry-makers.

Round and round to the wild waltz-music skip the rosy, robust frauleins and gretchens with their lovers and their beaux. Skirts are flowing and laughter ringing from the rushing swings. Mounted by freshness and beauty, the hobby-horses fleet around the limits of their little arena; the kiss of balls from the billiard and bagatelle tables, their roll and crash from the bowling alleys, and the perpetual clink, clink of glasses from the bars and booths, join in convivially with the music and the lisp of the slippered foot of the dancer; and a stroll of but a few yards down to the steep river-marge gives upon the swirling stream, with Blackwell's Island immediately opposite, schooners winging their way to and fro in the intervening currents, with perhaps a noble steamer or excursion-barge from the Sound.

Nearly all of the trades unions and benevolent societies hold their annual picnics at this place, and the Caledonian Society have celebrated their peculiar games here for a number of years.

We can proceed Harlemward by either the Second or Third Avenue Railroad line; and, choosing the latter, because it also takes us through Yorkville—no longer distinct from either the main city or Harlem—we have, on our right, a view of the river and its island-chain, with the intervening flats of green and ooze, which must ere long be entirely filled in and built over; and, on our left, the cozy, old-fashioned, garden-girt houses, which, years ago, were the summer homes of metropolitan fashion and wealth. The broad streets of Harlem are laid out at right angles, most of the buildings are of frame, and they are generally indicative of neatness and unobtrusive thrift, rather than of pretension.

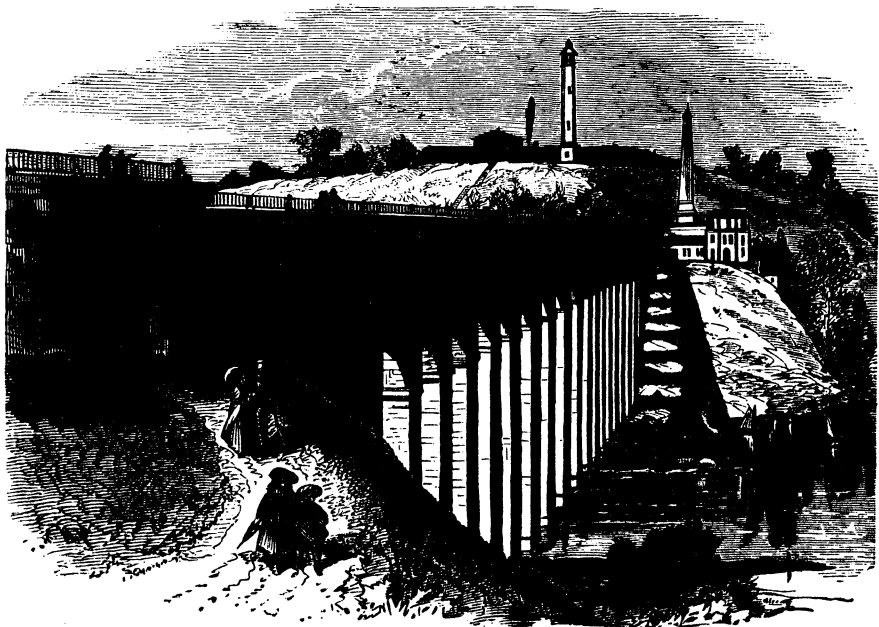
The new Harlem Bridge, which is built of iron, is a rather clumsy-looking structure, and has cost the counties of New York and Westchester about double what it should have done; but it is certainly an immense improvement over the rickety old wooden affair which it superseded. Just above it is the railroad bridge, over which almost constantly trundle the trains of the Harlem River and New Haven Railroads.

At this point and vicinity, both above and below the bridges, a large number of boats and little smacks are constantly moored in the fishing-season, and a pleasant row on the smooth bosom of the delightful little river may be enjoyed at a small expense. These, with the expansive water-view looking toward the mouth of the stream, with the salt, seaweedy smell of the tides as they wash through the long grasses of the flats, serve to render the place picturesque and agreeable, and thousands seek the vicinity, by boat and rail, on holidays and summer Sundays.

But the famous High Bridge is the chief object of our quest in this locality. It can be reached in several ways—by the Harlem River excursion-steamers, which touch at several East River slips and piers on the way up and down; by a small-boat, if you care for a two-mile tug at the oars; by the Harlem River Railroad, from the Grand Central Depot on the corner of Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue; or by a five or six dollar hack-drive, through Central Park and the roads beyond.

If we go by water, we shall pass the old-fashioned tavern and grounds of McComb's Dam—once a favorite halting-place with the owners of fast teams, but of late given up to the training of prize-fighters, *et al.*, and long since cast in the shade by the more opulent and fashionable houses on the other side of the stream. As we proceed up the river, the banks on either side grow more bold and precipitous, and a single turn in our course gives us a full view of High Bridge itself.

The material employed in erecting this magnificent structure—the most important connected with the Croton Aqueduct—is granite throughout. It spans the whole width of the valley and river, from cliff to cliff, at a point where the latter is six hundred and twenty feet wide, and the former a quarter of a mile. It is composed of eight arches, each with a span of eighty feet, and the elevation of the arches gives one hundred feet clear of the



High Bridge.

river from their lower side. There are, besides these, a number of arches rising from the ground, with an average span of forty-five feet each. The water is led over the bridge, a distance of fourteen hundred and fifty feet, in immense iron pipes, as great in diameter as the stature of a tall man, and over all is a pathway for pedestrians. On the lofty bank at the lower extremity of the bridge is situated a fine hotel, whose airy saloons and broad porticoes are, in pleasant weather, thronged with people, refreshing themselves after their drives.

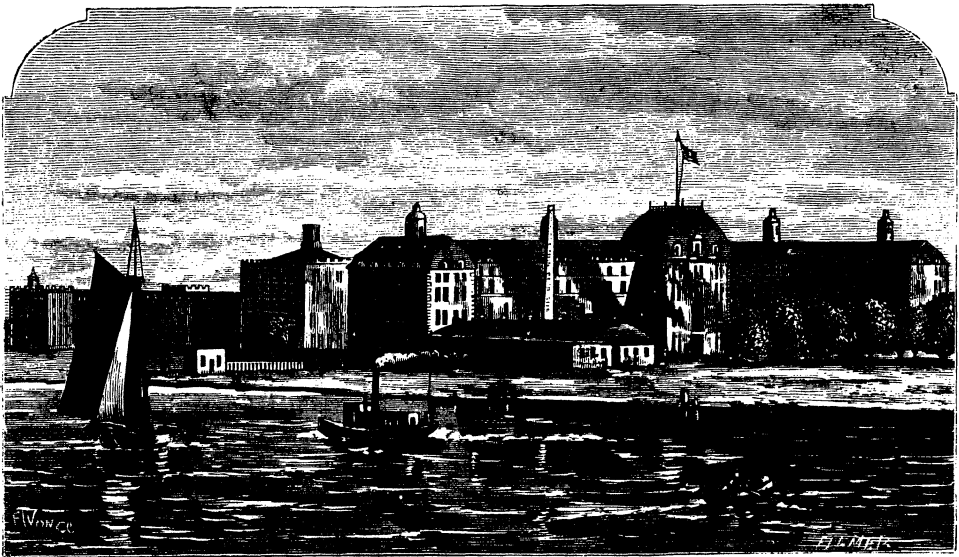
On the high bank of the Harlem River, at One-hundred-and-sixty-ninth Street, a little below the High Bridge, is the site of the elegant mansion of Colonel Roger Morris, and the headquarters of General Washington during active operations in this portion of the island. The situation is one of the most picturesque around New York, and commands a fine view of Harlem and Harlem River, Long Island Sound, Flushing, and Astoria, with the green fields of Long Island beyond. The mansion subsequently became the property of the widow of the celebrated Colonel Aaron Burr, better known as Madame Jumel, the name of her first husband.

Beyond Harlem are a number of towns of interest—Mott Haven, Melrose, Morrisania, Tremont, and Fordham. Woodlawn Cemetery, on the line of the railroad, six miles above Harlem, contains three hundred acres of undulating and beautiful grounds, under rapid improvement. It can be reached by rail or by Central Avenue, direct from Macomb's Dam—an avenue soon to be macadamized, set out with trees, etc., and made one of the finest drives in the country.

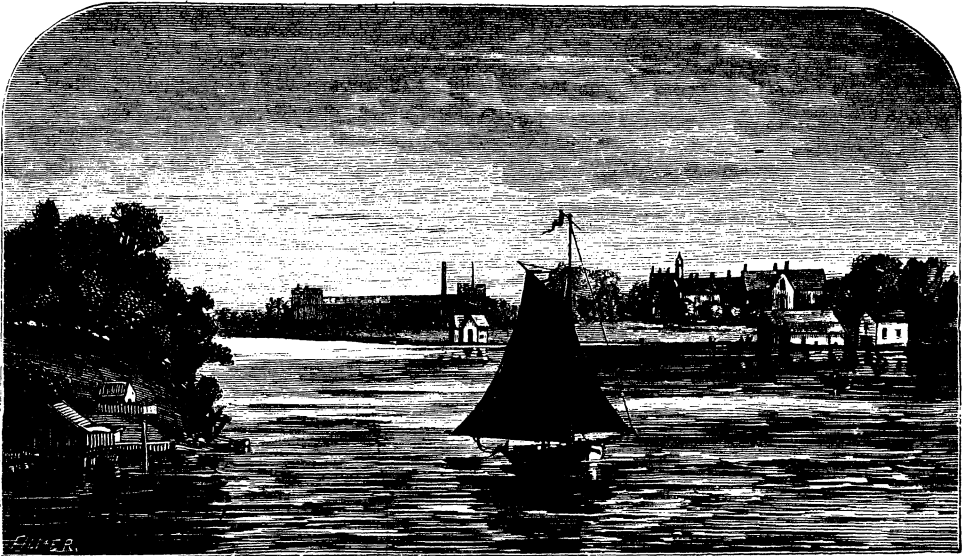
An excursion up East River, as far as Throgg's Point, sixteen miles from the city, will afford a pleasing and interesting panorama of both wave and shore.

Passing the ship-thronged wharves and docks of the metropolis on the one hand, and the Brooklyn Navy-Yard on the other, we soon have a capital view of Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands, with their imposing institutions for the correction or alleviation of some of our social evils—one or two of them the most complete edifices of their kind in the country, and, rushing through the swirling waters of the Gate, the pleasant and picturesque villages of Astoria and Flushing are soon in sight upon the Long Island shore. The academy and botanic gardens of the former are worthy a visit, and an interesting feature of its location is the singular whirlpool of Hell Gate, which is strongest and most turbulent at this point. For several years, the engineer officers of the United States have been engaged in subaqueous operations here, with the view of removing the dangerous rocks that lie in the pathway of vessels, and one of the most interesting points that the stranger can visit is the great cave under the water at Hell Gate that is being blasted out preparatory to the final explosion that is intended to clear away the obstructions.

Flushing, at the entrance of Long Island Sound, also contains extensive gardens, nurseries, and numerous elegant residences, and may be reached, by boat, twice a day, from the dock adjoining the Fulton Ferry, as well as much oftener by rail.



Blackwell's Island, East River.



Insane Asylum, Residence of the Warden, Blackwell's Island.

Continuing our sail in this direction, we are soon off Throgg's Point. This is the termination, at Long Island Sound, of Throgg's (or Throgmorton's) Neck, and, from the summit of the bold headland which divides East River from the Sound, a noble prospect is obtained. The little archipelagoes of green and rocky islets gleam brightly in the sunshine or appear and disappear strangely in the foggy morning, and, with the broken and wooded Westchester shore, eight or ten miles away, form a sunrise or a sunset scene in the spring or fall of the year which has often attracted the pencils of our most prominent sketchers. The fishing among these islands is also most excellent, especially for sea-bass and blackfish.

Fort Schuyler, on the Point, and Pelham Bridge—both interesting and romantic localities—may likewise be embraced in this excursion.

Let us now, in as regular order as we can arrange our pleasure-search, take an excursion-boat (there are any number of them in fine weather) at one of the lower North River piers, and breast the bosom of the glorious Hudson, world-famed for its matchless scenery, and appropriately styled the Rhine of America. The reminiscences of our Revolutionary struggle hallow its dark waters, and, all along its craggy shores, quaint legendary lore is mingled with memories of the heroic deeds of our forefathers.

Its elegant aquatic palaces—the steamers plying between the metropolis and the towns and cities along its wild and lovely shores—are unequalled for magnificence and completeness. As our vessel quits the dock, we first pass the Elysian Fields of Hoboken, Weehawken Bluff, and Bergen Heights, on the west, and the long line of city wharves and factories on the east.

A little farther up rises Fort Lee, a rocky bluff which commences the Palisades, extending some twenty-five or thirty miles up the river, and then striking inland. Fort Lee has of late become a favorite resort of excursionists and picnic-parties. It has a fine hotel, and the surrounding scenery contains all the enchantment of combined ruggedness and beauty. On the opposite shore is still to be seen the island of Manhattan, which on this side runs up into the long, rocky point terminating at Spuyten Duyvel Creek.

The western shore is of the tertiary formation, while the island is composed of primitive granite. Among other public buildings to be seen garnishing the edge of the latter, as we proceed up the river, are the Orphan Asylum and the Lunatic Asylum.

Manhattanville is next visible, embosomed in a soft valley, and surrounded by hills. This was the home of Audubon, the celebrated naturalist.

Next comes Carmansville, a cluster of rural residences, nine miles from the city proper, and a favorite with New-Yorkers as a suburban retreat.

Fort Washington, a bold and rocky height, fraught with Revolutionary associations, springs before us, a mile farther up. This place, now presenting a large number of elegant country seats, was the scene of a sanguinary encounter with the invading army, in which the Americans lost some two thousand prisoners.

We are now fairly among the Palisades, those irregular walls of trap-rock, springing in rude, stern columns from Nature's hand, and forming lofty precipices at the river's brink on either side. They are indescribably wild and beautiful. In some places may be seen, poised aloft, enormous masses of rock, apparently just trembling on the fall, and whose fall, it would seem, might cause the solid globe itself to quiver to its base. Hardy stunted trees cling to the bare ledges and corrugated sides with their grapnel-roots; wild flowering vines sometimes twine the dark rocks almost to their dizzy summits; and now and then a white cottage may be seen set like a star against the frowning walls, or perched on high, like an eagle's nest. Here and there a break will occur, and stretching through the gap, with Titanic buttresses on either side, the enchanted vision penetrates a wondrous scene of lake and inlet, reaching far inland, and losing themselves among the misty mountains of the background, like a dream. Wild birds scream above the heights, and vanish strangely in the ragged foldings of the drifting fogs; and the white-winged vessels, floating on the bosom of the shadowed stream, appear like tiny fairy craft.

The romantic little village of Yonkers, on the eastern side, sixteen miles from the metropolis, is a great resort as a rural retreat. Hastings is the next place of historical note; and here the Palisades begin to recede from the river. Dobb's Ferry, also a favorite resort, and an important spot in Revolutionary times, is on the same side. We next come to Sunnyside, the "Wolfert's Roost" of Washington Irving, whose "Sketch-Book" you, like enough, hold in your hand at this moment. But the lovely and antique villa is scarcely visible from the water, it is so deeply bowered in the trees.

Tappan Village, with its spreading bay and noble scenery, is the next place of interest, which is redoubled from the fact of its having been the headquarters of General Washington, and the place of Major André's execution, in 1780.

Tarrytown (twenty-six miles from New York) is famed as the place of André's capture, by Paulding and his comrades, the spot being indicated by a monument, erected about three-quarters of a mile north of the town.

"Sleepy Hollow," the scene of Ichabod Crane's adventure with the "Galloping Hessian," in Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," is about two miles distant, and will be found to be in excellent keeping with the story; the quietude of enchantment reigning everywhere, only disturbed, or rather lulled to deeper slumber, by the low murmur of the mill-stream.

Among the more picturesque and interesting localities between this spot and West Point, are Sing Sing, Verdrige's Hook (a bold headland, on the summit of which is a lovely lake, the source of the Hackensack River); Croton Village, with its river which supplies New York with water, and its celebrated Dam; Stony Point, the site of the Revolutionary fort of that name; Verplanck's Point; Peekskill; Caldwell's Landing, situated at the base of the Dunderberg; and Buttermilk Falls, a narrow but picturesque cataract of about two hundred feet fall.

We now reach West Point, distant fifty miles from the city, and affording, doubtless, some of the most magnificent series of scenery in America. We say *series*, because a twenty-minutes' walk in almost any direction will present a scene totally varied and distinct from those which preceded it. Looking across the river, we have the water-view below the bluffs, and the gently-rolling land and happy farms of Putnam County, with enough of the Highlands upon its side to back the view with vigor and effect. To the northward, a gap in the stern hills allows the view to wander almost to Cornwall; and the varied mountain scenery, looking inland, from any point of eminence, is so wild and lovely as to demand the brush and easel, rather than the pen, to furnish an adequate delineation.

The Military Academy, the chief attraction to the visiting stranger, is one of the noblest institutions of the United States Government; and the beautiful grounds attached are laid out with singular elegance and taste.

Nearly every spot in this vicinity is full of historic interest. Fort Clinton occupied the site of the Academy itself. The ruins of Fort Putnam and others are still to be seen; and near the steamboat-landing is the rock from which the chain was stretched across the river in the Revolutionary War.

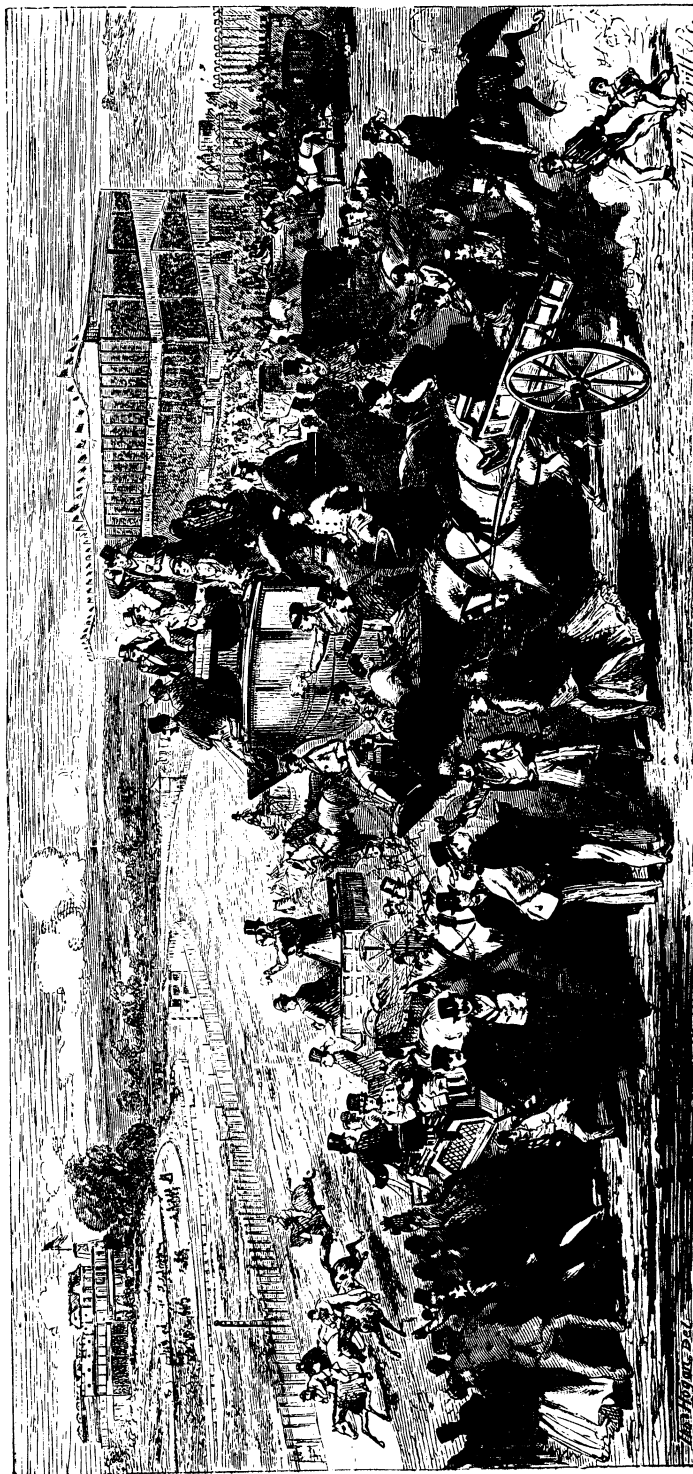
Cozzens's Hotel, a fashionable watering-place, is in the immediate vicinity of West Point. It is a large porticoed building, and occupies a lofty and picturesque position above the river.

And so on to the Katskills, also haunted by the legendary lore which Irving has left imperishable, with a dozen intervening objects of historical interest and splendid scenery, we can while away the delicious hours of our river-excursion, with a vivid panorama which must recur in many a dream and after-thought.

By another excursion, we may visit some of the very pleasant localities of Long Island and New Jersey.

A railroad jaunt of half an hour, by either the New Jersey or New Jersey Central Railroad, will bring us to the quaint old town of Elizabeth. It was built in 1664, and is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest settlement in the State of New Jersey. It has many handsome dwellings, and the beautifully-arranged streets are garnished with rich foliage. This and a number of other towns on the railway lines have of late years become very popular with New-Yorkers, as places for permanent residence, and real estate in their vicinity has advanced in price incredibly.





Jerome Park.

If the visitor to Elizabeth proceeds by the New Jersey Railroad, he will pass through Newark, though the stoppages here are so brief as to allow him scant time for the inspection of that large and important city. If he takes the Central line, he will have a fine water-view nearly all the way, and will cross Newark Bay—a noble sheet of water—on probably the longest railroad bridge in the world.

From Newark, Orange is only four miles distant, and a drive through this picturesque town, or an excursion to the top of Orange Mountain, through the beautiful Llewellyn Park, is a very charming trip. The view from Orange Mountain is very fine, extending to New York Bay, and having the far-off Trinity steeple as one of its distant objects. The country around Orange is very picturesque, is well wooded, is marked by very old orchards, quaint, embowered cottages, and other evidences of a long settlement.

A little longer jaunt will bring us to Paterson, and the Falls of the Passaic. The water is not of great volume, but its tumbling leap over rocky precipices into the narrow ravine makes it one of the most romantic cascades to be found.

Paterson is also famous for its annual races, and, when the great meetings take place, the town and its suburbs are crowded with turf-lovers from the metropolis and all over the country.

And, while we are on the subject of racing, we may as well dispose of the large and fashionable grounds which have in a measure thrown all rivals in the shade—those known as Jerome Park.

The sport of horse-racing, for which the Anglo-Saxon Celtic race throughout the world seems to have an irrepressible passion, was never conducted on a thoroughly systematic basis and in such a way as to render it at once popular and fashionable, until Mr. Jerome and the gentlemen associated with him took the matter in hand. They have succeeded in giving a zest and brilliancy to these affairs that were never before known in the United States, not even at the most enthusiastic demonstrations for which New Orleans, Charleston, St. Louis, and Mobile, have in former times been famous. Our artist has caught one of the most exciting episodes connected with a contest between high-mettled champions of the turf with a graphic felicity that could not be equalled by even the realistic details of the photograph. There is not any part of it which does not give evidence of fine artistic faculty. The dim perspective, typical of a level expanse of fertile fields; the easy rendering of the handsome extent and finish of the Club buildings on the left; the marvellous idea given of a colossal crowd on the grand stand, and of the multifarious congregation between that point and the striking groups in the foreground. These foreground groups are, though, the feature of the picture. Every type of character to be found on a race-course is here individualized. The party of young "swells" mounted on an aristocratic four-in-hand "drag" is the prominent apex of the design; the Washington-Market boy, with spirited steed harnessed to the market-dray of his craft, he looking as though telling you in the immortal language of Keyser, "if you didn't believe he was a butcher, to smell of his boots;" the gay coterie of gamblers and their female companions in their hired barouche—the "cut" of the driver indicating the "turnout" is from a livery-stable; the eager betting-men disputing over the chances of their favorite animals; the pickpocket being escorted by a policeman to the rear, and the general public, only anxious to behold the race, rushing for places where a good sight can be had—all these points are masterly, and tell more than any pen can do.

Jamaica, Long Island, is a pleasant old rural town, which may be reached three or four times a day, by the Long Island Railroad at Hunter's Point. Besides possessing many handsome residences, and other objects of interest, it is the highway of communication to Hempstead, Greenport, Rockaway, and Montauk.

Rockaway has several large hotels, and its famous beach is, probably, the finest for sea-bathing in the world.

Flushing is a very charming town, situated on Flushing Bay, and reached either by steamboat or rail. The former starts from near Peck Slip, and the cars run from Hunter's Point, which connect by ferries with Thirty-fourth Street and James Slip, East River.

Bay Side, situated about four miles from Flushing, is a delightful place for a day's excursion; the scenery is beautiful, and the bay is famous for its clams—a roast or chowder served up in primitive style being one of the features of the place. This place can be reached by private conveyance only, but which can be obtained at Flushing at moderate charges.

Staten Island, whose beautiful green hills, embosoming so many pleasant towns and elegant villas, guard the western side of the Narrows, also affords some exquisite scenery. The three ferry-landings, fronting on the Bay, are very popular, more especially among the poorer and middle classes, as places of Sunday and holiday resort; and the towns of Richmond, New Brighton, and others, with their adjacent clusters of elegant mansions and country-seats, are full of attraction.

The lower, or Jersey-facing, side of the island is best reached by taking the boat which leaves the North River pier near the Battery, and plies through the Kills, as the long sea-inlets separating the island from Jersey are termed.

Just before entering them, we pass the neat and pleasant buildings of Sailors' Snug Harbor—looking snug and cosy enough to satisfy almost any weary mariner upon the sea of life. The shores of the island facing the Kills are garnished with even more fine country-seats than the other side, and the waters are favorite offings for our yachtmen and boating-parties. Vast plantations of oysters are cultivated here, and the fleets of oyster-boats and fishing-smacks give animation to the pleasant scene. Elm Park, on the shore of the island, about an hour's sail from the city, is finely situated, and was once a favorite place for temporary resort for all classes; but the rowdy element has possessed it almost entirely for the past few years.

While in the Kills, we can enter Raritan Bay, and proceed to quaint old Perth Amboy, so named from its having been originally chartered to the Earl of Perth, in 1683. It is a neat and picturesque watering-place, and, with Shrewsbury and one or two other ports, forms a sort of headquarters of the fishing and oyster trade. Many years ago the Perth Amboians cherished the hope that their port was destined to be the metropolis of the continent; and there are still to be found some old fossils of the past—amphibious *habitues* of the dilapidated tap-rooms—who vaunt the wealth and commerce of their little town as incomparably superior to Manhattan Island.

An excursion through the Narrows, round the outer Bay to the New Jersey Highlands, and up the Nevisink River, affords equal pleasure and interest.

This is the route usually taken by the Long Branch steamers, communicating with the railroad leading to that



Coney Island.

fashionable sea-side resort. In warm weather these boats are crowded with fashionables of both sexes, and long trains of cars are kept running almost constantly to the great hotels which line the beach for over a mile.

The Highlands of New Jersey afford the finest and boldest ocean-front presented by that State. The scenery is mostly rugged and wild, but many pleasant hotels are crouched upon the beach, between the headlands and the sea, with every facility for boating, fishing, and still-water sea-bathing. Numerous picturesque boat-houses, belonging to clubs or individuals, also add to the beauty of the scene.

Passing up the Nevisink, a brief sail, with noble scenery on either side, brings us to the pleasant town of Red Bank. It does not boast many imposing or elegant buildings, but is a delightful place, and has one fine hotel, which has a quiet run of custom.

If one wishes a nearer beach than that of Long Branch, the incomparable Coney Island—ininitely better and safer for sea-bathing—is easily accessible.

It can be reached by boat from Pier No. 1, North River, or by cars from Brooklyn.

Time was when this sea-girt, barren sand-heap, was the only fashionable sea-bathing resort for New-Yorkers, and when its beach was thronged with the beauty and the refinement of Manhattan Island and Brooklyn. But its nearness to the city, and the increasing facilities of reaching it, caused it to be speedily monopolized, with few exceptions, by the rougher classes and loose characters, and it was long ago abandoned by the "upper ten" for fresher waves and beaches more remote.

But, in the hot season, Coney Island is the great democratic resort—the ocean bath-tub of the great unwashed—and it is even more representative in its way than any of its more aristocratic rivals.

It will be seen, by our enumeration of suburban places, that New-Yorkers are abundantly supplied with opportunities for rural pleasure. The stranger may pass a summer here in excursions to different resorts in the vicinity, and find more variety, more amusement, and more comfort, than he could possibly secure at watering-places. One day he may sail up the North River, another spend on the sea-shore; at one time he may explore the East River, another

he may visit our numerous islands. Boats and cars, almost without number, wait hourly upon his pleasure.

# STRANGERS' GUIDE.

By noting the peculiar shape of New York, strangers will be much aided in travelling about the city. New York is situated on a long, narrow island. Broadway, which begins at its lower terminus, at the Battery, runs nearly through the centre lengthwise, and in a straight line, until reaching Fourteenth street, when it glances off obliquely to the west. Above Fourteenth street, Fifth Avenue divides the city right and left, and all the streets above this point, crossing the city, are known as West and East. These streets are numbered, beginning at Fifth Avenue. The city runs north and south. The southern extremity is at the Battery. Hence, when walking up-town, or from the lower part of the city, the right hand is east, the left hand west. The cross-streets above Fourteenth Street are of nearly an equal distance apart, and twenty-one squares make a mile.

## CITY RAILROADS.

Bleecker st. and Fulton Ferry.—From W. 14th st. Tenth Av., to Bleecker, through Bleecker, across Broadway to Crosby, thence to the Park, down Beekman st. to ferry. Returns through Ann st. to Park.  
Central Park and North River.—From Central Park, west, through 59th st. to Tenth Av., thence by river avenues to Battery and South Ferry.  
Central Park and East River.—From Central Park, east, through 59th st., by East River avenues, connecting with all East River ferries, to South Ferry and Battery.  
Dry Dock, and East Broadway.—From E. 14th st. to Park, through eastern avenues and East Broadway.  
Grand st., E. R., to Cortlandt st., N. R.—Through Canal, Greenwich st., etc.  
Grand st., E. R., to Desbrosses st., N. R. (n. Canal)—through Grand and Vesey sts.  
Thirty-fourth st., E. R. (Hunter's Point Ferry), to Desbrosses st., N. R.—Through east side avenues, Grand and Vesey sts.  
East 17th st., E. R.—Across town to Duane st., N. R., crossing Broadway, by Prince and Houston sts.  
Thirty-fourth st. to Park.—East side, by Av. B, East Broadway, etc.  
Eighth Av.—From 125th st., through Eighth Av., Hudson, and W. Broadway, to Broadway, at Park.  
Ninth Av.—From W. 54th st. through Ninth Av., Greenwich to cor. Fulton and Broadway.  
Second Av.—From Harlem through Second Av., Bowery, to Peck Slip, E. R.  
Seventh Av. and Broadway.—From Central Park through Seventh Av., Broadway to 14th st., thence Wooster and W. Broadway to Broadway at Park.  
Seventh Av.—From Central Park through Seventh Av. to Greenwich Av., thence by Washington Park to Thompson, to same terminus as above.  
Sixth Av.—From Central Park through Sixth Av. to Canal, W. Broadway, to cor. Vesey st. and Broadway.  
Third Av.—From Harlem through Third Av., Bowery, Chatham st., to Park.  
W. 42d st.—By Tenth Av., 34th st., Broadway, 23d st., Fourth Av., 14th st., etc., to Grand st., E. R.

Elevated Railway.—From Battery, through Greenwich st. and Ninth Av., to 30th st.

## COLLEGES.

Columbia College, E. 49th st. Fourth Av. Theo. Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, W. 20th st., between Ninth and Tenth Av. Rutgers Female College, 489 Fifth Av., between 41st and 42d sts. St. Francis Xavier, 49 W. 15th st. Union Theo. Seminary, 9 University Place. University, Washington Square, on University Place, corner Clinton Place, two squares W. of Broadway.

## FERRIES.

Brooklyn.—Catharine Slip to Main st. Reached by Second Avenue cars.  
Brooklyn.—Foot Fulton to Fulton st. Reached by Fifth Avenue stages, and Bleecker st. cars.  
Brooklyn.—Foot Jackson to Hudson Avenue.  
Brooklyn.—Foot Wall to Montague st. Reached by Wall st. and Broadway stages.  
Brooklyn.—Foot Whitehall to Atlantic st. Reached by a large number of Broadway stages, etc.  
Brooklyn.—Foot New Chambers to Bridge st. Reached by Second Avenue cars, and Belt Line.  
Brooklyn (Williamsburgh).—Foot Roosevelt to S. 7th st.  
Brooklyn (Williamsburgh).—Foot E. Houston to Grand st.  
Brooklyn (Williamsburgh).—Foot Grand to Grand st., and to S. 7th.  
Bull's Ferry and Fort Lee.—Pier 51 N. R.  
Greenpoint.—Foot E. 10th and foot E. 23d.  
Hamilton Av.—Foot Whitehall to Atlantic Dock.  
Hoboken.—Foot Barclay, N. R.  
Hoboken.—Foot Christopher, N. R.  
Hunter's Point.—Foot E. 34th to Ferry st.  
Hunter's Point.—James sl., E. R., to Ferry st.  
Jersey City.—Foot Cortlandt to Montgomery st. Reached by Second st. and Broadway stages, Grand st. and Belt Line railroads.  
Jersey City.—Foot Desbrosses to Exchange pl. Grand st. and Belt Line railroads.  
Mott Haven.—Pier 24 E. R.  
Pavonia.—Foot Chambers st., N. R., to Long Dock.  
Staten Island.—(Quarantine, Stapleton, and Vanderbilt's Landing.) Foot Whitehall. Reached by Broadway stages to South Ferry.  
Staten Island.—Pier 19, N. R.  
Weehawken.—Foot W. 42d.

## GALLERIES.

Academy of Design, corner of Fourth av. and 23d st.  
Goupil's, corner of 22d st. and Fifth av. Free.  
Snedecor's, Broadway, near 10th st. Free.  
Schaus's, 749 Broadway. Free.  
Somerville's, corner 14th st. and Fifth av. Free.

## HOSPITALS.

Bellevue, ft. E. 26th. Children's Hospital and Nursery, E. 51st n. Third Av. German, Fourth Av. c. E. 77th. Mt. Sinai, 232 W. 28th. New York, 819 Broadway. New York Eye and Ear Infirmary,

216 Second Av. New York Infirmary for women and Children, 126 Second Av. New York Ophthalmic, 387 Fourth Av.—is open daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. New York Homoeopathic Infirmary for Women, W. 48th c. Sixth Av. Seamen's Fund and Retreat (S. I.), 12 Old Slip. St. Luke's, W. 54th c. Fifth Av. St. Vincent's, 195 W. 11th. (Under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.) Ward's Island (office Castle Garden). Women's, E. 50th, c. Fourth Av.

## LIBRARIES.

Apprentices', 472 Broadway. Open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.  
Astor, Lafayette pl. n. Astor pl.:—(a short square E. of Broadway, between 4th st. and Astor Place). Open daily, except Sundays and holidays, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Free.  
City, 12 City Hall:—Open daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Free to all persons.  
Cooper Union, Seventh c. Fourth av.; —Open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.  
Library of the American Institute, Cooper Union:—Open daily from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.  
Mercantile Library Association, Astor pl.:—Open from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Down-town office, 49 Liberty.  
New York Historical Society, Second av. c. E. 11th.:—Open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.  
New York Law Institute, 41 Chambers:—Open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
New York Society, 67 University pl.:—Open from 8 A. M. until 6 P. M.  
Printers', 3 Chambers.—Open every Saturday evening.  
Woman's, 44 Franklin:—Open daily from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.  
Young Men's Christian Ass'n, 161 Fifth av. Third av. c. E. 122d, 235 Hudson, 69 Ludlow, and 97 Wooster:—Open daily from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

## MEDICAL INSTITUTIONS, COLLEGES, AND SOCIETIES.

Bellevue Hospital Med. Col., foot E. 26th st. College of Pharmacy of the City of New York. College of Physicians and Surgeons, E. 23d st., corner Fourth Av. Eclectic Medical College, 233 E. 29th st. Hahnemann Acad. of Med., 105 Fourth Av. Homoeopathic Medical College, 151 E. 20th st. Homoeopathic Medical Soc.:—H. M. Smith, Sec., 105 Fourth Av. N. Y. Academy of Medicine:—Meets at E. 23d, corner Fourth Av., 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month. N. Y. College of Dentistry, 25 W. 27th st. N. Y. College of Veterinary Surgeons, 179 Lex. Av. N. Y. Medical College for Women, 102 E. 12th st. N. Y. Pathological Soc. E. 23d, corner Fourth Av. University Medical College, Worth near Church.

## PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

ACADEMY of Music, 14th st., corner of Irving Place, a short distance E. of Broadway.  
BOOTH'S THEATRE, corner of 23d st. and 6th av. Broadway and 23d st. stages and Sixth av. cars pass the door. Broadway cars pass within one square to the E., and the Seventh av. cars within one square to the W.  
BOWERY THEATRE is situated on Bowery, near Canal st. Third and Second av. cars pass the door. A branch of the Bleecker st. line (yellow cars) also pass it. This is the only line that connects it with the W. side.

**BRYANT'S MINSTRELS**, in Twenty-third Street, a few doors west of Sixth Avenue.

**FRENCH OPERA HOUSE**, 14th st., just W. of Sixth av. The situation is three squares W. of Broadway. No omnibuses reach it. Sixth av. cars are close at hand.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (formerly known as "Pike's"), at c. 23d st. and 8th av. Broadway and 23d st. omnibuses and Eighth av. cars pass the door.

**NIBLO'S THEATRE**, on Broadway, between Prince and Houston sts., in rear of Metropolitan Hotel. All the Broadway omnibuses pass the door.

**NEW YORK STADT THEATRE**, in Bowery, nearly opposite the Bowery Theatre.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE**, 622 Broadway, between Houston and Bleeker sts. All the Broadway omnibuses pass the door.

**TAMMANY THEATRE**, on 14th st., a short distance E. of Broadway. (Closed.)

**WALLACK'S THEATRE**, on Broadway, corner of 13th st., one square below Union Park. All Broadway omnibuses (except Fifth av.) pass the door; Fourth av. cars are at the rear; Broadway cars one short square to the W.

**WOOD'S MUSEUM**, Broadway near 30th st. Broadway and 42d st. cars pass the door. It is situated a short square E. of Sixth av.

### PRINCIPAL CEMETERIES.

**Calvary** (Roman Catholic), Newtown, L. I., reached by Flushing R. R.

**Cypress Hills**, on Myrtle av. and Jamaica Plank road, five miles from Williamsburgh ferries. Office, 3 Tryon Row.

**Greenwood**, on Gowanus Heights, Brooklyn. Reached by cars from ferries. Office, 3 Broadway.

**Trinity**, between W. 153d and 155th sts., and Tenth av. and N. R. Hudson River way-trains stop at 159th st.

**Woodlawn**, on Harlem Railroad, six miles from Harlem Bridge. Office, 56 E. 26th st.

### PRINCIPAL CHURCHES.

#### Baptist.

**Calvary**, 50 W. 23d; R. J. W. Buckland, Minister, 173 Seventh av.

**Fifth Avenue**, W. 46th n. Fifth av.; Thomas Armitage, Minister, h. 2 W. 46th.

**Freewill Baptist**, 104 W. 17th; C. E. Blake, Minister, at church.

**Madison Avenue**, c. E. 31st; Henry G. Weston, Minister.

**Murray Hill**, Lex. av. c. E. 37th; Sidney A. Corey, Minister.

**Pilgrim**, W. 33d n. Eighth av.; H. W. Knapp, Minister.

**South**, 235 W. 25th; Samuel Knapp, Minister.

**Tabernacle**, 162 Second av.; J. R. Kendrick, Minister, h. 210 E. 17th.

#### Congregational.

**Church of the Pilgrims**, 365 W. 48th; Seymour A. Baker, Minister.

**Church of the Puritans**; G. B. Cheever, Minister.

**New England**, W. 41st n. Sixth av.; Lyman Abbott, Minister, h. 303 W. 34th.

**Tabernacle**, Sixth av. c. W. 34th; J. P. Thompson, Minister, h. 32 W. 36th.

#### Dutch Reformed.

**Collegiate**, Lafayette pl. c. E. 4th; North Dutch, William c. Fulton; Fifth av. c. W. 29th; Lecture Room, W. 48th n.

5th av.; Thomas Dewitt, h. 65 E. 9th, T. E. Vermilye, h. 50 E. 49th, T. W. Chambers, h. 70 W. 36th, Ministers.

**North Dutch**, J. L. McNair, Missionary, 109 Fulton.

**Northwest**, 145 W. 23d; H. D. Ganse, Minister, h. 358 W. 22d.

**South**, Fifth av. c. W. 21st; E. P. Rogers, Minister, h. 42 W. 27th.

**Thirty-fourth Street**, 307 W. 34th; Peter Stryker, Minister, h. 319 W. 31st.

**Washington Square**, Wash. sq. E. c. Wash. pl.; Mancius S. Hutton, Minister, h. 47 E. 9th.

#### Friends.

**East Fifteenth**, c. Rutherford pl. Twentieth Street, E. 20th n. Third av. Twenty-seventh Street; 43 W. 27th.

#### Jewish Synagogues.

**Adas Jeshurun**, W. 39th n. Seventh av. Adereeth El, 135 E. 29th.

**Beth Cholim**, 138 W. 38th.

**Beth El**, 248 W. 33d.

#### Lutheran.

**Gustavus Adolphus**, 91 E. 22d.

**Holy Trinity**, W. 21st, n. Sixth av.; G. F. Krotel, Minister.

**Lutheran**, Av. B. c. E. 9th; F. W. Fochlinger, Minister.

**St. James**, 216 E. 15th; A. C. Wedekind, Minister.

**St. Luke's**, 318 W. 43d; G. W. Drees, Minister.

#### Methodist Episcopal.

**Eighteenth Street**, 307 W. 18th; Parsonage, 305 W. 18th.

**Fifty-third Street**, 231 W. 53d; Parsonage, 235 W. 53d.

**Forty-third Street**, 253 W. 43d; Parsonage, 249 W. 43d.

**John Street**, 44 John.

**Ladies' Five Points Home Mission**, 61 Park.

**Rose Hill**, 221 E. 27th; Parsonage, 219 E. 27th.

**St. Paul's**, Fourth av. c. E. 22d; Parsonage, 289 Fourth av.

**Second Street**, 276 Second; Parsonage, 290 Second.

**Trinity**, 248 W. 34th; Parsonage, 263 W. 34th.

**Twenty-fourth Street**, 359 W. 24th.

**Washington Square**, 137 W. Fourth; Parsonage, 80 Macdonald.

#### Presbyterian.

**Brick**, Fifth av. c. W. 37th; Gardiner Spring, Minister, h. 6 E. 37th.

**Chelsea**, 353 W. 22d; E. D. Smith, Minister; h. 453 W. 21st.

**Church of the Covenant**, Fourth av. c. E. 35th; George L. Prentiss, Minister, h. next church.

**Fifteenth Street**, 130 E. 15th; Samuel D. Alexander, Minister, h. 144 E. 22d.

**Fifth Avenue**, c. E. 19th; John Hall, Minister, h. 30 E. 18th.

**First**, Fifth av. c. W. 11th; W. M. Paxton, Minister, h. 49 W. 11th.

**Fortieth Street**, E. 40th n. Lexington av.; John E. Annan, Minister, h. 114 E. 48th.

**Forty-second Street**, 233 W. 42d; W. A. Scott, Minister, h. 208 W. 42d.

**Fourth Avenue**, 286 Fourth av.; Howard Crosby, Minister, h. 306 Second av.

**Lexington av. c. E. 46th**; Joseph Sanderson, Minister, h. 124 E. 46th.

**Madison Square**, Madison av. c. E. 24th; William Adams, Minister, h. 8 E. 24th.

**Rutgers**, Madison av. c. E. 29th; N. W. Conkling, Minister, h. 112 E. 31st.

**Twenty-third Street**, 210 W. 23d; H. D. Northrup, Minister.

**University Place**, c. Tenth; A. H. Kellogg, Minister.

#### Protestant Episcopal.

**Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter**, Bishop, h. 38 E. 22d.

**Annunciation**, 142 W. 14th; S. Seabury, Rector, h. W. 20th n. Ninth.

**Ascension**, Fifth av. c. W. 10th; John Cotton Smith, Rector, h. 7 W. 10th.

**Calvary**, Fourth av. c. E. 21st; E. A. Washburn, Rector, h. 108 E. 21st.

**Christ**, Fifth av. c. E. 35th; F. C. Ewer, Rector, h. 53 W. 8th.

**Du St. Esprit**, 30 W. 22d.; A. Verren, Rector, h. 23 W. 22d.

**Grace**, 800 Broadway.

**Holy Trinity**, Madison av. c. E. 42d; S. H. Tyng, Jr., Rector, h. 117 W. 43d.

**St. Alban's**, Lex. av. c. E. 47th; C. W. Morrill, Rector.

**St. Ann's**, 7 W. 18th; Thomas Gallaudet, Rector, h. 9 W. 18th.

**St. George's**, Rutherford pl. c. E. 16th; Stephen H. Tyng, Rector, h. 309 E. 16th.

**St. John's**, 46 Varick; S. H. Weston, h. 409 W. 23d.

**St. Luke's**, 483 Hudson; Isaac H. Tuttle, Rector, h. 477 Hudson.

**St. Mark's**, Stuyvesant, n. Second av.; A. H. Vinton, Rector, h. 156 Second av.

**St. Paul's**, Broadway c. Vesey; B. I. Haight, Minister, office, 7 Church, h. 56 W. 36th.

**St. Thomas's**, Fifth av. c. W. 53d; W. F. Morgan, Rector, h. 23 W. 39th.

**Trinity**, Broadway c. Rector; and the Chapels of St. Paul's, St. John's, and Trinity Chapel; Morgan Dix, Rector, h. 50 Varick; F. Vinton, h. Brooklyn, and F. Ogilby, Assistant Ministers.

**Trinity Chapel**, 15 W. 25th; Rev. Dr. Higbee, Assistant Minister.

#### Roman Catholic.

**St. Ann's**, 149 Eighth; T. S. Preston, Priest, h. 145 Eighth.

**St. Francis Xavier**, 36 W. 16th; J. Loyzance, Priest, h. 49 W. 15th.

**St. Patrick's**, Cathedral, Mott c. Prince; Most Rev. John McCloskey, Archbp.

**Very Rev. Wm. Starrs**, Vicar-Genl.; T. S. Preston, Chancellor; F. McNeirny, Sec.; P. F. McSweeney, J. H. McGeary, and J. Kearney, Priests, h. 263 Mulberry.

**St. Peter's**, Barclay c. Church; Wm. Quinn, Priest, h. 15 Barclay.

**St. Stephen's**, 149 E. 28th; E. McGlynn, Priest, h. 142 E. 29th.

#### Unitarian.

**All Souls**, Fourth av. c. E. 20th; H. W. Bellows, Minister, h. next church.

**Messiah**, E. 34th c. Park av.; S. Osgood, Minister, h. 154 W. 11th.

**Third**, W. 40th n. Sixth av.; O. B. Frothingham, Minister, h. 50 W. 36th.

#### Universalist.

**Third**, 206 Bleeker; D. K. Lee, Minister, h. 23 Perry.

**Fourth**, Fifth av. c. W. 45th; E. H. Chapin, Minister, h. 14 E. 38d.

**Our Saviour**, 65 W. 35th; James M. Pullman, Minister, h. 24 W. 29th.

### SUBURBS.

**Central Park**, which extends from 59th to 125th street, and lies between Fifth and Eighth Avenues, may be reached by the Broadway, Seventh Avenue, Sixth Avenue, and Eighth Avenue lines of cars. These all run direct to the Park. The Third Avenue cars run two squares east of the Park.

**Jerome Park**, by Harlem R. R. cars to Fordham.

**Coney Island**, by steamer, and also by cars connecting with Brooklyn ferries.

**Long Branch**, by steamer.

**Canarsie**, and Rockaway, by ferry to Brooklyn, cars to East New York, and steamer at Canarsie Bay.

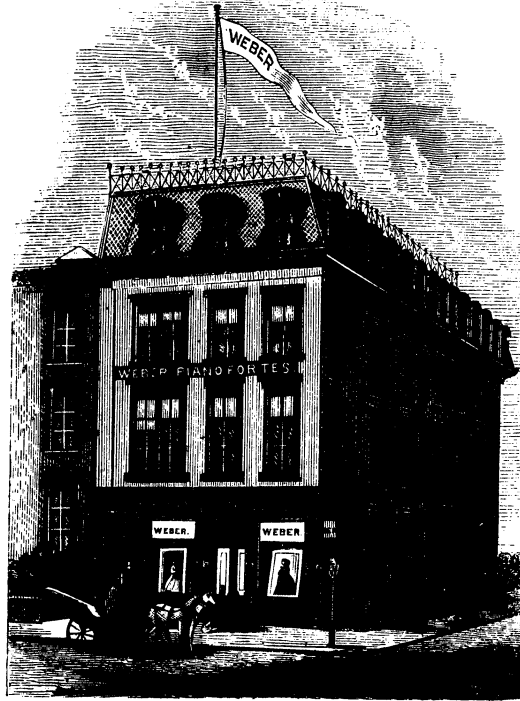
**High Bridge**, by Harlem steamers, or Harlem cars, thence by small steamers up Harlem River.

**Hoboken**, by Hoboken ferries. (See Ferries.)

**Weehawken**, by Hoboken ferries, thence by cars; or by Weehawken ferry, foot of 42d street.

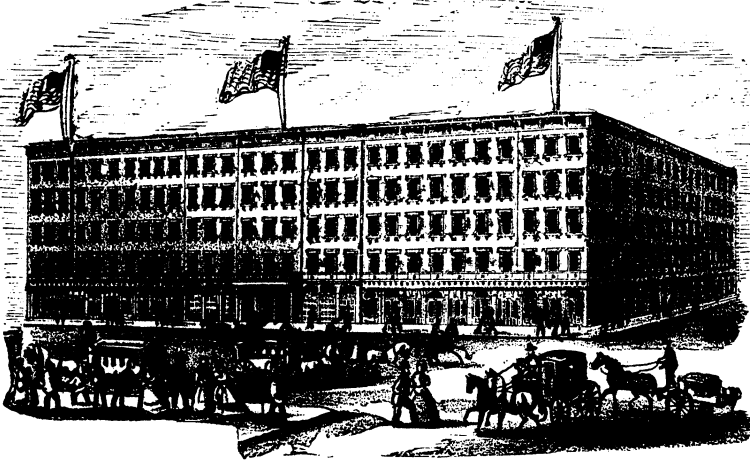
**Staten Island**, by ferry at Battery; and at pier 19 N. R.

## OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST.



*WEBER'S PIANO-FORTE ROOMS, CORNER FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTEENTH STREET,*

should be visited by all strangers. The rooms are elegant and spacious, and the display of grand, square, and upright pianos of the Weber manufacture, now among the best appreciated in musical circles, is brilliant and attractive.



**METROPOLITAN HOTEL.**

*BROADWAY, CORNER OF PRINCE STREET,*

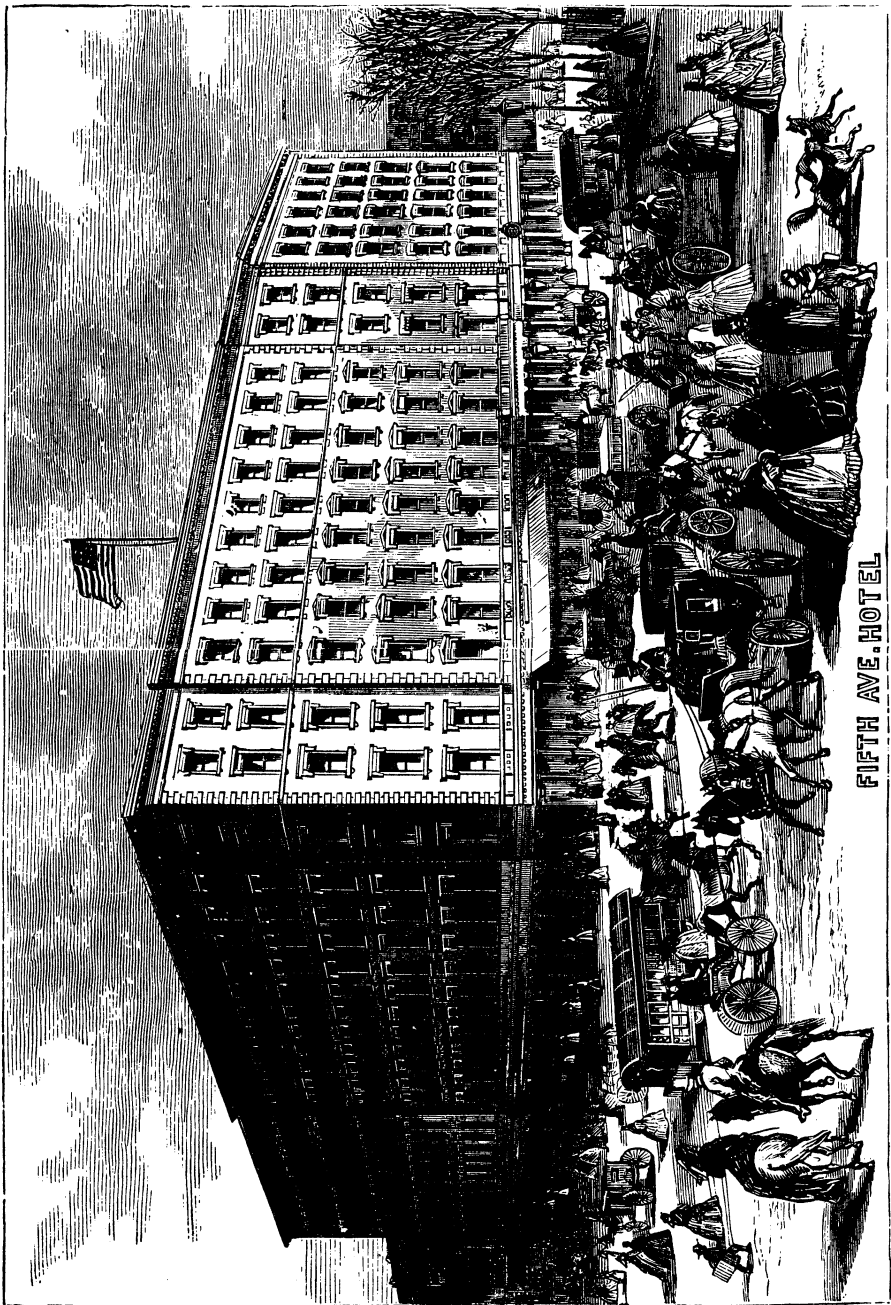
has recently been entirely reconstructed and refitted, and is now one of the most elegant and sumptuously-furnished hotels in America. The parlors are palatial, and probably no palace in the world has so splendid a dining-room. The restaurant for the general public, attached, is one of the largest and best in the city.



*W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.'S, CORNER WILLIAM AND BEEKMAN STREETS.*

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & Co.'s large and well-known drug-house, in William Street, is in one of the most active business centres in the city. Their establishment is the oldest and most extensive in the country; it was originated before the beginning of the present century, and has now the confidence of a vast constituency, extending through all parts of the Union. This vast warehouse, through all its numerous stories, is crowded with goods in every department of their multifarious business, and the stir and bustle of their immense trade would interest and surprise the stranger.





*FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.*

The Fifth Avenue Hotel is situated at the junction of Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and Twenty-third Street, directly opposite Madison Square, in now one of the great centres of the metropolis. The building is of marble, with brick partition walls, rendering it fire-proof. It has the reputation of being one of the best hotels in the United States.





*H. W. COLLENDER'S BILLIARD-TABLE MANUFACTORY.*

This extensive factory, where the Phelan & Collender billiard-tables, now celebrated the world over, are manufactured, is situated on Tenth Avenue, between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Streets. It is well worth a visit. The salesrooms are at No. 738 Broadway, near Astor Place. Since the death of Mr. Phelan, the business has been carried on by Mr. H. W. Collender, the surviving partner.

# AMERICAN BRONZES.

## Remarkable Progress of an Important Art-Industry.

### Notes of a Visit to the Workshops of the ARCHER & PANCOAST CO.

THERE is probably no other of our art-industries which makes so gratifying an exhibit to-day as does our manufacture of bronzes. But few of our readers, we are sure, are aware of the extent and importance of it; while many of them, we have no doubt, take it for granted that the large show-rooms of the city, rich in gasaliers, candelabra, and artistic figures, owe all this wealth, or nearly all of it, to foreign manufacturers. Of course, we import bronzes—real and imitation—but only to a very limited extent, as compared with the quantity manufactured at home. Previous to 1880, the bronze manufacture—the most important feature of which is the production of gas-fixtures—was confined mainly to Philadelphia. Since that date, New York has taken the lead in it, and the growth of the manufacture has greatly increased. The development of the zinc-mines of the Lehigh Valley, Pa., and the later discoveries of spelter—as zinc is called in the trade—in New Jersey, Illinois, and Missouri, have made the manufacturers altogether independent of foreign mines, and they now turn out goods with which the foreign manufacturer can no longer successfully compete.

#### SCHOOLS OF DESIGN NEEDED.

Until our cities have schools of design for the education of our workmen and their children in the arts of design—day and evening schools—we cannot hope to originate with the same facility and success as do the skilled workmen of France. In the mean time, however rapid our growth in the production of the useful, our production of the artistic must be slow—certainly as much of it as we can legitimately call our own. We may borrow—and we do liberally—the designs of other nations; and we may build beautifully upon the borrowed thought; but we cannot become truly distinguished in this or any other branch of artistic industry, until we reap the fruits of a liberal State provision for the free education of our people in the arts of design.

#### VISIT TO A MANUFACTORY.

The large establishment on Wooster Street, above Broome, known as the ARCHER & PANCOAST CO., has a frontage on Wooster Street of sixty feet, extending back ninety-five feet, and is six stories above the street level. The building was constructed by the Company named, for the purposes of their manufacture exclusively, and is admirably adapted to its requirements. It is thoroughly ventilated and lighted; in every respect, indeed, a model of fitness and cleanliness—its workshops being comfortable places, not holes for workmen to go into with repugnance, and long all day for the hour of dismissal.

This building was raised as late as 1869, when it was constructed with a view to meet even the liberal demands of a growing trade. But, so rapid has been the increase, that they are about to add fifty per cent. additional area to their workshops, by extending the building all the way through to Greene Street.

#### THE PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE.

The visitor to the workshop who desires to follow the process of manufacture, from the beginning to the end, must start at the top of the house. Here, as in some of our modern dwellings, the kitchen is nearest the roof; and, in great measure, for the same good reason—that the disagreeable and noxious smells incidental to the business may pass away directly into the atmosphere. So, passing through the large exhibition-room, around which are the offices of salesmen, book-keepers, and so forth, we were introduced to the steam-elevator, and therein hoisted to the sixth story. On a portion of this floor workmen were engaged casting real bronzes. Real bronzes are cast in sand. Imitation bronzes are cast in metal moulds. Bronze proper, the finest—such as is used in the manufacture of expensive gasaliers—is composed of copper and zinc, with sometimes, for special purposes, an alloy of tin. Imitation bronze has for its base pure spelter. But it is not the difference in cost of metal which accounts for the comparative cheapness of the imitation bronze. It is the economy in the cost of labor. Real bronze cannot be cast in moulds other than sand; hence the process is difficult and slow. Zinc is melted readily, and turned into and out of the moulds with great facility.

In this foundry, on the sixth floor, the alloy is made in crucibles or furnaces sunk in the floor, from which the metal is taken and poured into the sand moulds. Here are seen, lying in heaps, the various parts of the gas-fixtures—ornaments, stop-cocks, arms, brackets—the thousand and one configurations which go to make up the various complete objects of the manufacture. On this floor, also, the castings are separated, classed, and in other ways prepared for the after-processes. Here, also, is the chemical room, where the work is cleansed,

stained, gilt, and so on, as required. The processes here are very interesting, but we have not space for detailed description.

On the fifth floor the castings pass into the hands of skilled workmen, who bring them to perfect form in the lathe, and by other mechanical appliances—filing joints, drilling, etc.

On the fourth floor the imitation bronzes are produced, in large quantities. Here, as before described, the workman, from his crucible of molten metal near him, pours the liquid zinc into the metal mould. This, hardening rapidly, the mould is opened and the casting thrown out. The after-processes with the imitation are easy, owing to the ductility of the metal as compared with those with the real bronzes—the removal of the burrs, polishing, filing, and the like.

On the third floor the various parts are brought together, and fitted by the workmen, and there formed into complete objects, ready for the finishing. This finishing is also done here, or portions of it rather; for, that of the imitation bronzes being accomplished by chemical agency, these goods have to pass through the practical chemist's shop, where the appliances are so perfect, that it is difficult to distinguish between the real and the imitation. On this floor the gilding and varnishing are done, and the laying-on of color—where the objects are for the purpose of mediæval decoration—as the candelabra of churches, lecterns, etc. At the finishing in blue, vermilion, or gold, young women chiefly are employed; and it is but due to those whom we saw at this to say that they did their nice work deftly, and seemed as if they enjoyed the labor.

#### THE SHOW-ROOMS.

On the first floor are the show-rooms—the main sample-room, into which the visitor first enters, and in which he is overhung by a wilderness of gasaliers of endless variety of make, and a SPECIAL SHOW-ROOM of candelabras and the like, for churches, in the mediæval style. Many of the objects here are of great beauty, a visit to this room alone repaying the visitor well for the time spent in it. Our attention was also directed to this firm's new patent extension centre-light, for libraries, sitting-rooms, etc., by which one is enabled to draw the centre-light of the chandelier to any given point, where it will remain at the convenience of the persons using it. Truly, a modern convenience. They are of various patterns—some of them very ornate and beautiful. The Company is largely engaged in importing, and, on the tables in the show-rooms, fancy bronzes are seen in great variety, with examples of foreign manufacture. Among the most imposing objects are the large figures used on newel-posts, and in such other portions of dwellings, theatres, concert-halls, etc., where the decorators consider that they best add to the general effect. Here, too, are magnificent crystal gasaliers, which, we were informed, were the manufacture of the famous house, Osler, of Birmingham, England—first in the world in this specialty.

#### THE DESIGNER'S DEPARTMENT.

on the second floor, is in charge of a thoroughly competent artist, who has his inspirations there, makes his drawings, and, when complete, sends them to the modelling-room, where they are put in plaster, with nice skill, and prepared for the foundry, where they are turned out in real bronze, and used also to form the matrices in which the imitations are cast.

#### THE POWER.

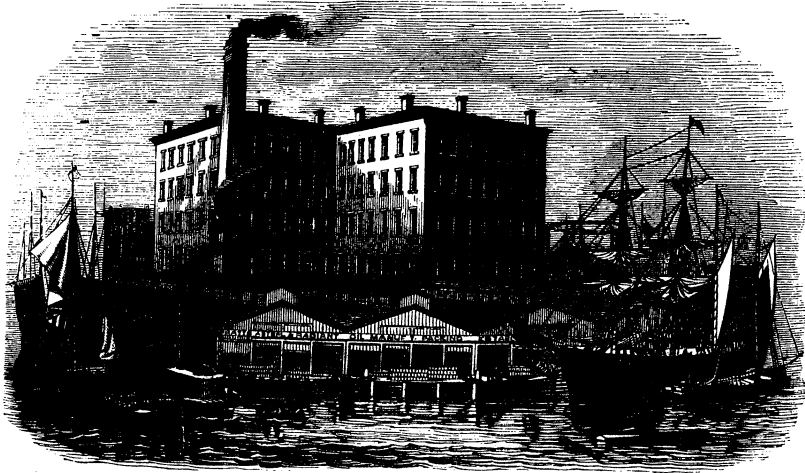
In the basement is an engine of forty horse-power, working as silently as a noiseless sewing-machine. Here also are the storerooms of the metals used in the manufacture, and here the goods are prepared for shipment.

#### CONCLUDING ITEMS.

Thus we have run hastily over the seven floors of one of our largest and most important manufactories—too hastily, we fancy, to do more than make our readers curious to know more of processes so interesting than we have been able to tell within the limited space at our disposal. But, if we have interested them enough to make them curious to know more, we have planted the seed from which useful knowledge grows.

This Company makes a specialty of furnishing churches with chandeliers, brackets, etc. We have a long list before us of the churches lately illuminated in mediæval style by them, but we can only refer to them, where they have had opportunity to show the beauty of design and elegant finish of their productions.

The Archer & Pancoast Company originated with Mr. Archer in 1841, in Philadelphia. In 1859 that gentleman came to New York; and, not that we would speak slightly of the City of Brotherly Love, it is apparent that he did well in leaving it for Gotham. For Gotham is a wonderful place to grow on, and surely this manufacturing house is one of the big trees of it.



*PRATT'S OIL-WORKS, BROOKLYN.*

This establishment, which is well worth visiting, is bounded by First Street, North Twelfth Street, the East River, and Bushwick Creek, and comprises 110 city lots, extending 1,150 feet from First Street to the river, and 275 feet from North Twelfth Street to the Creek. There are seven separate buildings, ten large oil-stills, eight immense oil-tanks, an engine, boiler, five pumps, and various machinery and fixtures used in the refining, canning, and shipping of astral oil, or refined petroleum.

All of the buildings are separated from each other, some of them by a long distance. The principal one is of brick, four stories in height, and 100x100 feet. In it the process for making tin cans for containing the oil is carried on. The tin is taken in sheets, and, in less than ten minutes, by the use of machinery, is turned out in the shape of a boll, all complete. A large force of men and boys is employed for this purpose, and 8,000 cans are made each day. From 75,000 to 100,000 boxes of tin are used in the course of the year. This building also serves for a machine-shop, etc.

On the dock, fronting the river, is a single-story frame building, 100x218 feet, where the cases are filled, soldered up, baled, and held ready for shipping. There are thousands on thousands of cases containing oil in the building, giving surprising evidence of the immense amount of business done at this famous factory. The loading and unloading boats always afford at this point an animated picture.

The pumping-house is a brick building, and has four oil-pumps, by which the oil is pumped from the lighters into the tanks and stills, or where it may be required in process of manufacture. For this purpose, pipes extend below the surface of the ground, from one end to the other of the premises. There is also a powerful water-pump in this building, and 500 feet of hose. The roof covering the oil-stills is of iron.

*PROCESS OF REFINING.*

The crude oil is pumped from lighters into a large tank, whence it is drawn into the stills, and, after being distilled, is transferred to a large iron vat, where it is mixed with a strong alkali, and "agitated," or caused to bubble, being thus cleansed and purified. It is then bleached by a peculiar process, and pumped into other tanks, whence it is drawn and canned, ready for use. This is the outline of the purifying process. For this purpose, the most approved apparatus is used throughout, and some wholly new, and owned entirely by the Company.

Some idea of the capacity of the works may be formed from a few facts gleaned by the reporter. The tank for containing crude oil is thirty feet high, and will hold 10,000 barrels. The tanks for refined oil, three in number, contain 7,000, 3,500, and 2,500, respectively. The two tanks where the oil is bleached contain 28,000 gallons each. The vat where the oil is purified holds 2,000 gallons, and is thirty feet high. There are ten stills of a combined distilling capacity of 3,000 barrels per week, but the capacity of the other portion of the works is 1,000 barrels per day, and the number of stills is to be increased. The works are kept in operation night and day, and processes of refining carried on at the rate of about 7,000,000 gallons per year, adding to which the same amount, refined at another factory, makes a total of 14,000,000 gallons of oil refined by the company in a year. The amount of money invested is nearly half a million dollars.

At Hunter's Point the company own an older factory, where oil is refined for barrelling, and the naphtha and higher products of distillation utilized for making varnish, paint, etc. At that factory, 25,000 barrels of oil are refined every month.

# BLOOMSDALE.

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THE SEED-GROUNDS of DAVID LANDRETH & SON, though not within the limits of the great Metropolis, which this publication is designed to illustrate, may, nevertheless, claim a brief space to record its origin and present status. The Agricultural and Horticultural Establishment of the Landreths, dating back nearly to Colonial days as the period of its foundation, has kept steady pace with our national expansion, until, from a narrow breadth of land of a few acres only in our political infancy, it now embraces six hundred in drilled and transplanted crops, for seed alone—unexampled in extent at home or abroad. Europe, it is known to the seed-trade, can exhibit no business-establishment of like character of equal magnitude—a triumph in this branch of American industry which it is only justice to our native enterprise to record.

The location of Bloomsdale is in Bucks County, Pennsylvania; from it radiate, as it were, the seeds so intimately known throughout the Union, more especially in the Great West and South; where scarcely a rural family exists in which the name of Landreth is not a household word.

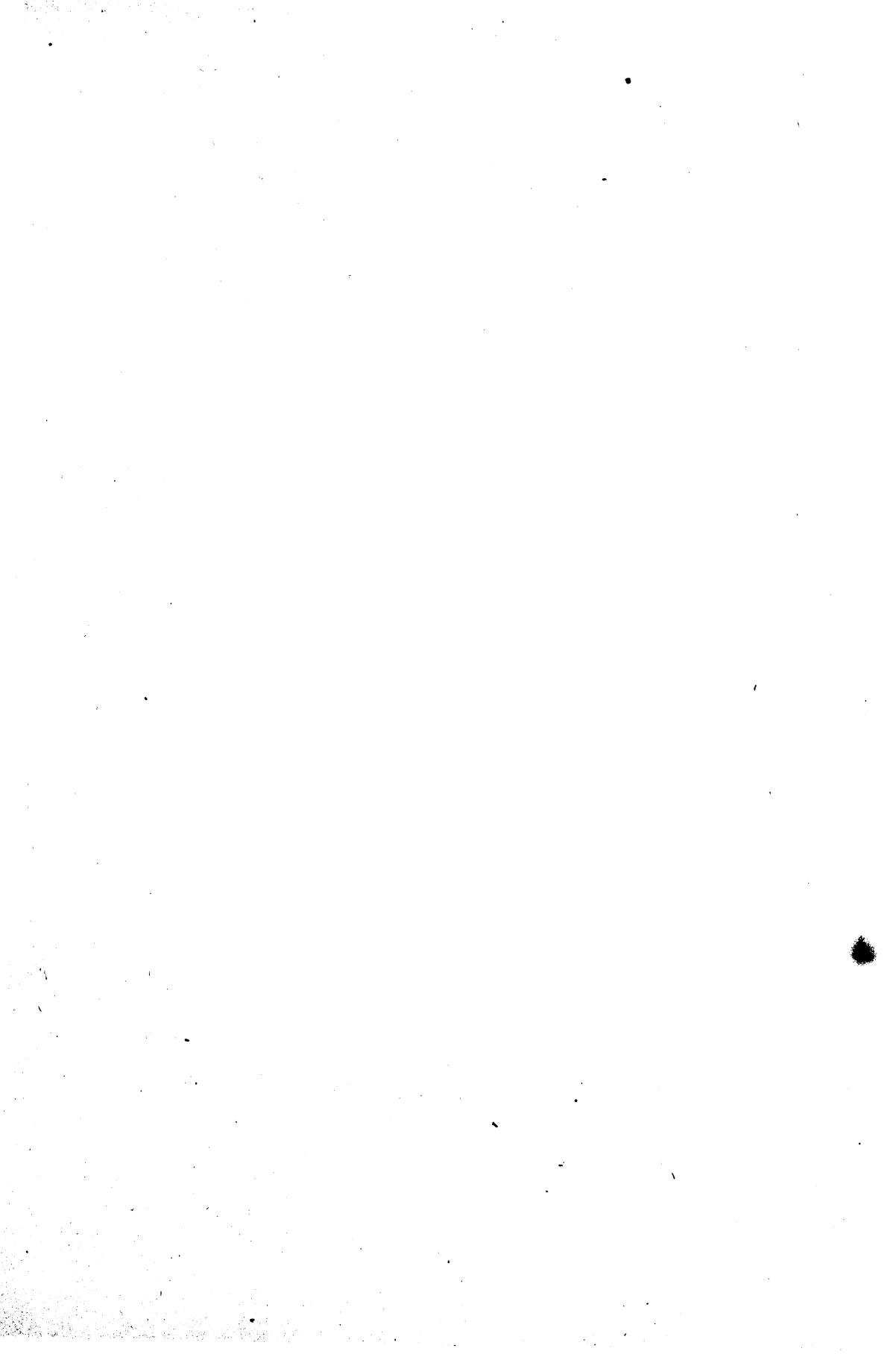
It may convey an idea, of course quite imperfect, of the operations conducted by this firm, when we state that three steam-engines for threshing and cleaning seeds, and other rural labor, are employed on the estate of Bloomsdale, and its dependencies (the latter outlying lands, owned, occupied, and cropped under the personal supervision of the Landreths)—that fifty-six head of working-stock are daily in harness, and that over twenty thousand dollars were actually expended within the last year for crude and chemical manures, independent of home-made supplies. Thus, without an elaboration which might tire the reader, he can form some conception of the magnitude of the seed-business of this firm.

The Warehouses for the storage and distribution of the Seeds are at Philadelphia.

We close this brief notice of an American industry by reprinting the final words of an article which originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

“The seeds of Bloomsdale have attained a world-wide reputation, and, to quote an expression used in reference to them, ‘are almost as well known on the Ganges as on the Mississippi or Ohio.’ They are regularly exported to the British possessions in India, to the shores of the Pacific, throughout the West Indies, and occasionally to Australia. The drier atmosphere of this country ripens them better than the humid climate of England, adapting them to exportation; and it is no slight triumph to see them preferred by Englishmen on British soil. The business, founded more than three-quarters of a century ago, is now conducted by the second and third generations of the family with which it originated. Thus has success been achieved through long and patient industry steadily directed to the same pursuit.”





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